Week ending January 13 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

THE CHURCH—A CHALLENGE

by the Bishop of Rochester

A WOMAN OF GENIUS

by A. G. Gardiner

★ It's good

to get

BOVRIL

★ Bovril gives you the warmth and comfort you need these days. It is stimulating as a drink, and delicious in your cooking. The war has changed many familiar things, but the high quality of Bovril remains the same.

In bottles—1 oz. 7½d.: 2 oz. 1/2; 4 oz. 2/1½d.; 8 oz. 3/9; 16 oz. 6/2

Please don't forget the stoppers when you return Bulmer empties!

Bulmer's stoppers are made of precious rubber. Once lost they cannot be renewed. So please be *extra* careful to see that, when empty, Bulmer's Cider bottles are returned to your dealer with the stoppers *screwed tightly in place*. Besides conserving vital stocks of rubber, you will be helping us to maintain your supplies of Bulmers.

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Loose change has a way of doing the vanishing trick. But here's an easy way to stop it. Turn your change into National Savings Stamps. Buy them after shopping. Buy them whenever your purse feels heavy. And, of course, buy them regularly through your Savings Group. You can get them from any Post Office, Trustee Savings Bank, Honorary Official Agent, Savings Centre or Savings Group. That's the simple way to save your change!

National Savings Stamps can be exchanged for Savings Certificates, Defence Bonds or Savings Bonds of the Savings Banks issues, or used to make deposits in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks.

SAVINGS STAMPS

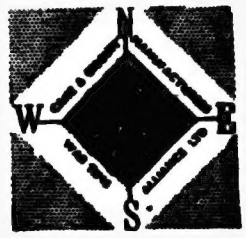
MAKE SAVING SIMPLE

Issued by the National Savings Committee

You like BISCUITS

And wisely too. For biscuits are crammed full of nourishing ingredients. The experts refer to carbo-hydrates, proteins, and fats. What that means to you is a restoration of energy when you're tired; a satisfactory maintenance of stamina when there's a job to be done; and an excellent food that is easy on the digestion. In fact, it's true to say about biscuits that

...they like you!



CVS-109

FOOD FACTS

WINTER SALADS

Salads can be substantial and in the dark Winter days—the season of ills and chills—the vitamins and minerals in raw vegetable salads help us to fight infection and fatigue. Make a point of giving your family a big bowl of salad three or four times a week served, either as a separate course, or as an accompaniment to the omelette, meat or fish.

Beetroot Cup Salad

Ingredients : 2 medium-sized cooked beetroots, about 1½ lb., 2 sticks celery chopped, 2-3 oz. grated cheese, 1 apple, grated, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, 2 teaspoons chopped parsley, 2-3 tablespoons salad dressing, salt and pepper, ½ lb. shredded raw cabbage. *Method :* Cut the beets in half and scoop out the insides carefully. Mix the other ingredients except the cabbage. Season well. Put this mixture back into the beetroot cups. Grate the centres removed from the beetroot and mix this with the cabbage. Arrange the beetroot cups on a bed of shredded cabbage.

Mixed Vegetable Salad

Ingredients : 2 medium-sized carrots, grated, 2 sticks celery, chopped finely, 1 small piece of onion, ½ small turnip, grated, 1 bunch watercress, chopped, ½ lb. cabbage shredded, salt and pepper, vinegar or salad dressing, if liked. *Method :* Mix together all the ingredients. Season well and dress with vinegar or salad dressing.

Stuffed Apple Salad
(for the Children)

Scoop out the inside of a rosy apple, chop and mix with diced celery, shredded beetroot, shredded cabbage and chopped celery. Fill the apple with the mixture, moistened, if liked, with a simple dressing.

HOUSEHOLD MILK
The second allocation of Household Milk began on December 10th — one tin for each Ration Book during the 8-week period.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT ON TUES. WED. THURS. & FRI. at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 235

SEE WHERE YOU ARE WITH ATLAS LAMPS

ADVERTISEMENT OF THORN ELECTRICAL INDUSTRIES LTD. 105/109 JUDD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

Supplies, naturally, are not at peacetime levels. In some districts zoning has made O.K. Sauce unobtainable. But, the time is coming, soon we hope, when everyone will once again be able to enjoy to the full the rich, fruity flavour of O.K. Sauce.

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

'CAMP' COFFEE

FULL STRENGTH
FINE FLAVOUR

RINSO is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet, one coupon; 7d. packet, two coupons *R. S. Hudson Limited*

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QUEUING *for a cold?*

Hanging about in the cold, you are grateful for Wool's supreme virtues—its warmth and comfort. In Wool clothing, little pockets of air are held in the loose texture of the fabric keeping out chills and damp. That's one reason why Wool is so beautifully warm.

WOOL is the word for *health*

ISSUED BY THE INTERNATIONAL WOOL SECRETARIAT on behalf of the Wool Producers of Australia, New Zealand and South Africa

Without Fear or Favour

KEEP THEM OPEN

THE GOVERNMENT HAS another attack of nerves. Like a flustered Victorian spinster, it is frightened to say Yes and reluctant to say No.

Its decision will affect the daily lives of 500,000 of us.

That is the number of meals served each midday in British Restaurants.

Many local authorities believe that they should be available after the war. The Association of Municipal Corporations has therefore put the question to the bashful Ministries concerned. No answer has been given.

Instead, perhaps significantly, Diehard papers are now alleging that the Restaurants are greedy white elephants which swallow up huge sums of public money.

The facts are these: There are nearly 2,000 British Restaurants. Any profits they make go to the ratepayers, who are similarly responsible for any working losses.

Actually, nearly all of them make a modest profit. For example, London's 195 are profitable. So are Birmingham's fifty-six.

Because they are not subject to hard-and-fast rules, they can be wound up without fuss if they become unprofitable.

Four hundred cater for children who attend schools which cannot be equipped with their own canteens. These children pay 4d. or 5d. for a full meal.

The charge for adults varies from 1s. 2d. in cities to 1s. 6d. in country towns for a three-course meal, with tea or coffee to follow.

Alike to heavy manual workers and black-coated officials—and to lonely old people who have no cooking facilities—the British Restaurant has been of indispensable use in war. It should be retained in the peace.

There is, plainly, no good reason for the Government's indecision. There can only be a bad one—cowardly fear of alarming the Diehards who mistrust any form of municipal enterprise.

And cowardice is at its most contemptible when displayed by a Government that has illimitable powers.

The Editor

HOUSING: A GIGANTIC MUDDLE

What is Sandys Doing? The Big Three Meeting. Victory in Burma. Those V-Bombs. World T. U. C. Mr. Pitman's Shorthand. A Woman in Search of Two Million

THE VITAL SUBJECT is housing. It out-tops all others on the home front.

It falls into two divisions. First, the repairing of bomb damage. Second, the building of prefabricated houses to get over some of the emergency.

The man in charge is Duncan Sandys.

How is he getting on? What is the position to-day?

Lagging Behind

After talking to experts in the building trade, this is the general impression I received:

Bomb damage repairs are lagging behind. There are multiple examples of serious wastage of time and money.

I heard of a bomb-damaged bungalow on which *eight hundred pounds* has so far been spent—and the job is still incomplete, material and labour are obviously short—but nevertheless there is a considerable volume available.

The delay, I am told, is amateurish organisation by the Ministry of Works. Their method is to distribute work and directive authority among many people, rather than concentrate it. This has made for inefficiency.

One Boss to Four Men

So, in some areas there are ten master builders, working in ten different ways. In some cases there is one boss to four men.

In many cases, haulage contractors, with little or no building experience, are being employed as builders. The result is inefficiency.

There is an obvious answer. The bomb repairing job should be zoned, with one responsible boss per district.

I believe this method was agreed on by the Ministry months ago—but deferred.

Now it is being tried out as an experiment—at Camberwell.

Nothing Settled

Where new building is concerned the Ministry is in what the R.A.F. calls a "flap."

Despite various statements to the contrary, I believe that no sizeable orders have yet been placed for any of the many prefabricated houses whose pictures have graced the newspapers.

There have been small orders. But no real tackling of the big job.

The whole picture, as experts have reconstructed it for me, is one of indecision and muddle.

And the need for action is urgent. How urgent can be realised by a single dreadful case which we report on page 8.

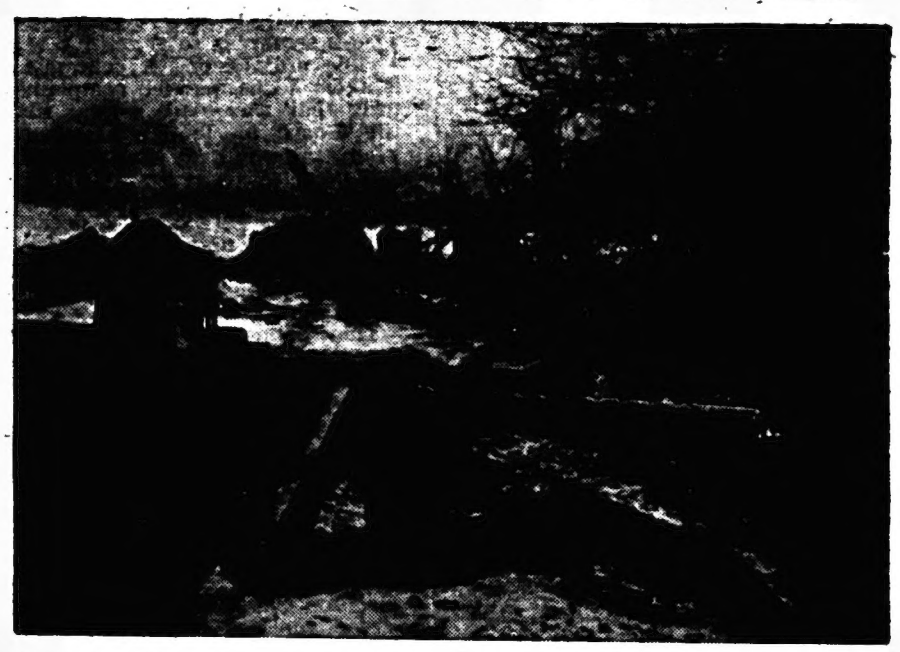
Big Three Meeting

DESPITE THE EARLY FORECASTS, I believe that there will not be a special meeting of Foreign Secretaries before the next conference of the Big Three.

The original idea was that Eden, Stettinius, and Molotov would meet this month and prepare the agenda for the big meeting.

There is not likely to be any time for all that. The latest expectation is that Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin will get together before the month is out—accompanied by their foreign experts.

Then, when the main decisions are taken, the leaders will go home, and leave Eden and company to settle subsidiary issues.



Snow brings a temporary return of trench warfare on the British 2nd Army front. On the Home Front, housing plans are also bogged down

Chilly Atlantic Breezes

Where will the meeting take place? London has been "talked" for months.

My prediction is that it will be somewhere much nearer the Black Sea.

The meeting is badly needed, for while the war itself is in many ways going well, there is unmistakable bickering between some of the Allied publicists.

The Americans, shaken by recent reverses, are "knocking" the Soviet for not producing an all-out attack in Poland.

They are also "knocking" us for criticising them. There has lately been less verbal appeasement and more outspoken comment on American policy from Britain.

In short, there is a coolness all round. The meeting will restore mutual confidence.

Allied Splits

IT WILL ALSO sort out many of the outstanding political problems, which have been accumulating rapidly, and getting more and more complicated.

In Greece there is little hope that the new Cabinet under General Plastiras will succeed in putting an end to the deplorable fighting there.

Yugoslavia is in a better position, thanks to the strength of Marshal Tito. A Regency has been promised, followed by a democratic election.

Poland's affairs are now unhappily split between a non-representative Lublin government, recognised by the Russians, and a critical, short-tempered London government, recognised by Britain and the U.S.

Neither is really representative of the Polish worker.

JB insurance

Over £700,000 has been paid under "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance to Registered Readers or their dependants.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader *COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS*, in addition to *PERSONAL WAR RISK INSURANCE* underwritten at Lloyd's.

British Victory

ON THE WAR FRONT one of the most important developments has taken place in Burma, where Akyab, with its rich rice fields and its port facilities, is once more in British hands.

India used to import two-thirds of her rice from the Arakan district, and it was the loss of this source which largely caused the disastrous famine of two years ago.

So the new success helps India.

Of great importance, it helps us. For it is a prestige victory, carried out almost entirely by British troops.

More V-Bombs

AT HOME, PUBLIC OPINION is turning more and more to the V-bomb attacks, which appear to have been stepped up. This seems to be common during the moonless periods.

Security necessarily prohibits detailed comment on the subject. Many questions must be left unanswered for some time to come.

This much can be said: the casualty figures in the recent raids are fractional compared with those during the peak of the flying-bomb campaign.

But it would be foolish to dismiss the V-bomb as an incidental nuisance. Hopelessly outnumbered in aircraft, the Germans must obviously try to increase their output in other directions.

Autocrats of the Farms

FEW WAR TIME organisations have stimulated more argument than the War Agricultural Executive Committees, which operate all over the country.

They are accused of being autocratic, of being out of touch with the farmers, and so on.

Behind the scenes their future is now being decided. We can assume

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

that they will remain, for they can perform a useful function in planned farming after the war.

There is one qualification. They must be democratic, elected by the farmers and the workers through their organisations. To-day they are appointed by the Minister and are only responsible to Whitehall.

That is wrong.

Next Month in London

PHILIP MURRAY, the American trade union chief—he is President of the Congress of Industrial Organisations—is likely to be the first speaker at next month's World Trade Union Congress, to be held in London.

His colleague, Sidney Hillman, was recently in London arranging final details for the meeting.

Murray is a Scot, and his first job in life was as a miner in the pits at Hamilton. He went to America forty-two years ago.

He led the C.I.O. in its backing of Roosevelt in the recent election, and the labour support was a major help to the President.

With him, when he comes to London, will be eleven other C.I.O. delegates

The visit will conclude twelve vital months in Murray's career, for it is just under a year ago that he replaced the mercurial John L. Lewis as C.I.O. leader.

He Knows Shorthand

THE NAME OF Isaac Pitman is once more in the news. Isaac James Pitman is the grandson of the inventor of the shorthand system.

He has just been adopted as prospective Conservative candidate for Bath at the General Election.

Mr. Pitman is head of the business firm founded by his grandfather. Some years ago he started a specialised school, designed to train public school boys in commercial subjects, and made a great success of it.

His own shorthand, I believe, is distinctly good. He finds it useful, for among his many interests he is a director of the Bank of England. He is also a keen games player, and is an English Rugger international.

Chief Woman Bargee

OBSCURED IN THE long lists of civilian honours which were published recently was the name of Elly Tolley Gayford.

This frail little woman has many distinctions. She is in charge of the training of girl bargees on the Grand Union Canal.

In the course of her work she travels relentlessly up and down from Birmingham, and although she had never been on a barge until three years ago, she now likes them so much that she lives aboard even during her short breaks in London.

She handles a barge pole as easily as an ordinary housewife handles a rolling-pin. The secret, she once told me, was balance, and the art was not as difficult as it looks.

Before the war she was a dancing instructress. Now, gentle as ever, she can thread her boats through the canal locks for fifteen hours a day.

Speaking for Spinsters

IN TOWN THIS WEEK, as they say on the B.B.C., is Florence White, who comes from Bradford.

She has an office over her family's baker's shop. Ten years ago she filled it with 100 spinsters. They discussed pensions, and the National Spinsters' Pensions Association was formed.

To-day, as head of the Association, Miss White has had to give up her interest in the bakery. Instead, she travels on average 1,000 miles a week to address six meetings. Her fan mail is 100 letters a day.

The Spinsters' latest objective is for pensions for single women at fifty-five. There are now 100,000 members, busy collecting 2,000,000 signatures for a giant petition to Parliament.

Miss White, a trim little lass with a North Country accent, tells me that she expects to double the membership this year. The Spinsters are nothing if not well organised.

Newly-Weds' Grievance

FROM SPINSTERS TO BRIDES is a reasonable progression. A colleague who is about to be married complains bitterly that there is a serious snag in the Board of Trade's arrangements whereby newly-weds can buy furniture and fittings.

As everyone knows, newly married couples can get priority dockets to help them set up house.

But it appears that this only applies when, in fact, they are setting up an establishment of their own.

They cannot get any priorities if, for instance, they are living in a parents' or friend's home owing to shortage of accommodation.

Can They Afford Sheets?

This means that they have little or no chance of getting Utility linen, and must either depend on generosity or pay prohibitive prices for non-Utility material.

A Board of Trade official told me that for every Utility sheet now reserved for docket-holders, there are five for the general public. The newly-weds, he thought, could still buy at reasonable prices.

I wonder. The alternative to Utility cost anything from £6 to £12 a pair.

New Task for Sir James

SIR JAMES MARCHANT, who spent the first part of the war working on the Ministry of Supply's highly successful salvage campaign, is now tackling another vast problem.

He tells me that he has started a campaign for the prevention of blindness.

There are 100,000 blind people in Britain, and 11,000,000—a shocking figure—in the British Commonwealth.

The first research station for investigating the whole subject of blindness and its many causes has been started at Oxford.

G. B. S. is Full Up

One of the first people to whom Sir James wrote at the start of his new campaign was Bernard Shaw.

He received a characteristic reply—in red ink, on a postcard:

"My speciality is mental blindness. One branch is as much as I can tackle. I am full up with it these times.—G. B. S."

Sir James, who is nearly seventy-nine, considers himself lucky. He has excellent sight and does not even wear glasses.

Black Market Facts

THERE IS MUCH talk these days about the increase in Black Market activity throughout the country. Some of it is based on fact; some is fancy stuff, indeed.

Sir Charles Tegart, former Middle East police chief, has been working on the subject for about two years.

Of late, I believe, he has been particularly interested in Leeds, where the market has grown considerably.

The subject is engrossing, and I recommend readers to make a mental note: Starting next week, JOHN BULL is publishing the first of a series of articles dealing with every aspect of the Black Market racket.

The author is our Special Commissioner, who is an accepted expert on this subject.

MARRIAGE BY PROXY

Because of the war, should marriages be permitted in the absence of one of the partners, his or her place at the ceremony being taken by a deputy?

1. In wartime an order from the State may, at a moment's notice, make marriage impossible and send a man to face death. Marriage by proxy is, in these circumstances, a soldier's obvious right.

2. The Church has long permitted Royal marriage by proxy, and the United States also permitted it, in a few cases, for soldiers during the last war.

3. Illegitimacy is a severe handicap which a child has done nothing to deserve. Anything which may prevent it is good, not only from the individual's viewpoint, but also from that of the State.

4. No complicated procedure is necessary, and the chance of fraud will be negligible.

5. For many men and women the knowledge that they are married, even though at a distance, will be a great comfort and a splendid aid to morale.

1. Hard cases occasionally occur, but it is better for a few to suffer than to undermine the whole fabric of marriage.

2. Marriage involves a ceremony and a consummation. Failing the latter, annulment is possible. If marriage by proxy became general, innumerable legal complications would arise.

3. Ceremony by proxy might, through pressure or deception, lead to the marriage of young people who had no proper knowledge of each other or of the significance of what they did.

4. Prevention of illegitimacy is a worthy aim, but promises of proxy marriage subsequently broken might even increase illegitimacy.

5. Far too many marriages are contracted lightly and without proper consideration. The need is for legal safeguards to prevent imprudent marriage, not for concessions to make it easy.

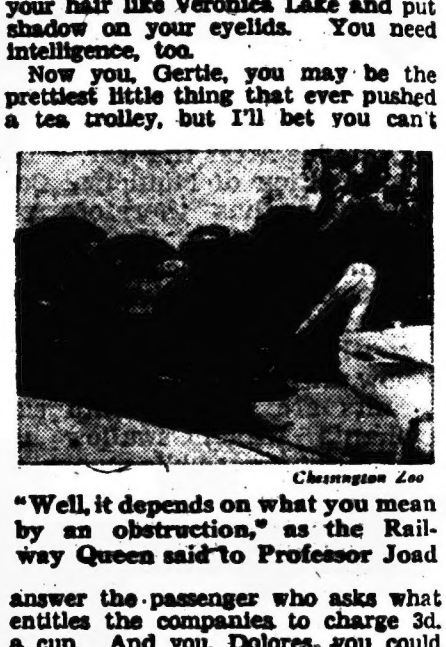
WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

BRITAIN'S RAILWAY QUEEN for 1945 has just been chosen. "Loveliness and intelligence are the essentials required of our Railway Queens," said the organiser of the scheme, Mr. H. Neilson.

You see, girls, if you want to be a Railway Queen it's not enough to do your hair like Veronica Lake and put shadow on your eyelids. You need intelligence, too.

Now you, Gertie, you may be the prettiest little thing that ever pushed a tea trolley, but I'll bet you can't



Chessington Zoo

"Well, it depends on what you mean by an obstruction," as the Railway Queen said to Professor Joad

answer the passenger who asks what entitles the companies to charge 3d. a cup. And you, Dolores, you could qualify on looks, but the other day you were seen chalking "Died Waiting" on a coach between Watford and Euston. As for Rita, she wouldn't have any idea how to travel from Irlams o' th' Height to Pinwherry via Neen Sollars.

Personally, I'd vote for the girl with the golden voice who announces "Thees is Woking. This is Wokeeing Station."

Slow But Not So Sure

HERE IS THE NEWS read at dictation speed. On Tues-day, repeat Tuesday . . . after-noon . . . a far-mer named . . . Evan repeat Evan, Evan repeat Evan, Evan repeat Evan, Evan repeat Evan, Evans repeat Evans . . . in the re-mote Welsh repeat Welsh . . . vil-lage of. . . . Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllandisiliogogogoch . . . spell, L London, L London, A Able, I Ink, R Roger, P Peter, W William, L London, L London, G George, W William, aw to hell with it—this farmer lived in Cwm, C Charlie, W William, M Mother, and if you don't like it you can . . . (*Loud technical hitch*).

A Few Days Later

DRAFT OF ADVERTISEMENT. The British Broadcasting Corporation invites applications for the post of ANNOUNCER and NEWS READER for the General Forces Programme. Applicants must be very British, frightfully white, and awfully well-spoken. No stutterers. The successful candidate will be required to announce in English only, but a fluent knowledge of at least six other languages is desirable. Applications, which must be in own typewriting, should answer the questions: When did you last see your father? Are you insane? Have you ever been in jail? and should be accompanied by fifteen testimonials as to character, ability and trustworthiness.

CAN THE CHURCH MAKE A BETTER BRITAIN?

This is a frank article. It may make you angry. It cannot fail to make you think. For it asks whether people are good enough for the social reforms they demand, and it outlines a policy whereby the Church might win back the public's trust

by the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER

in an interview with the Rev. W. E. Purcell, Vicar of St. Mary the Virgin, Dover

THE CHURCH HAS a vital part to play in the whole work of post-war reconstruction. But the Church must begin with the people themselves.

Look at the world in the sixth year of war. Large areas of Europe are ruined and devastated. Our own country has been spared, it is true, quite such a terrible fate. Yet none the less it is deeply scarred.

Rubble and blank spaces in many of our cities cry aloud for the rebuilder, and blueprints pour from Government Departments suggesting how the work should be done.

But what about the people? Can we imagine that they have come through so dark a valley without loss, loss of many of their standards, of principles, even in many cases of convictions?

Let us never forget this: What a man believes affects, in the end, what he does.

For Whom Do We Plan?

The twentieth-century blitz on man's fundamental beliefs started long before the bombers came. It caused devastation in his soul, even as the bombs did in his cities. And now we must redeem the one as urgently as we must rebuild the other. Why?

Because whatever New Order is to emerge is bound to depend for its success or failure upon the kind of men and women who live in it. It is quite possible, as Socrates reminds us, to construct a New Order which could turn out to be no more than a sanitary and luxurious piggery, if inhabited by a population who, lacking principles or vision, would be inevitably on the downgrade, either as a great race or even as human beings worthy of the name.

So, if houses are a job of the Government, people are the first concern of the Church. But how shall we go about it?

In the dark days of 1940 the leaders of the Christian Churches of Britain joined with the late Archbishop of Canterbury in putting forth five distinct principles as the basis for any future Christian programme: Abolition of poverty, an equal educational opportunity for every child, the safeguarding of family life, a revival of the sense of vocation in daily work, the resources of the world to be used more as the gift of God to all.

These are essential principles. Yet experience has already shown that such principles will not necessarily make a better people. What rather is needed is a better people to make such principles workable.

Let us look at the facts. And let us be frank about it.

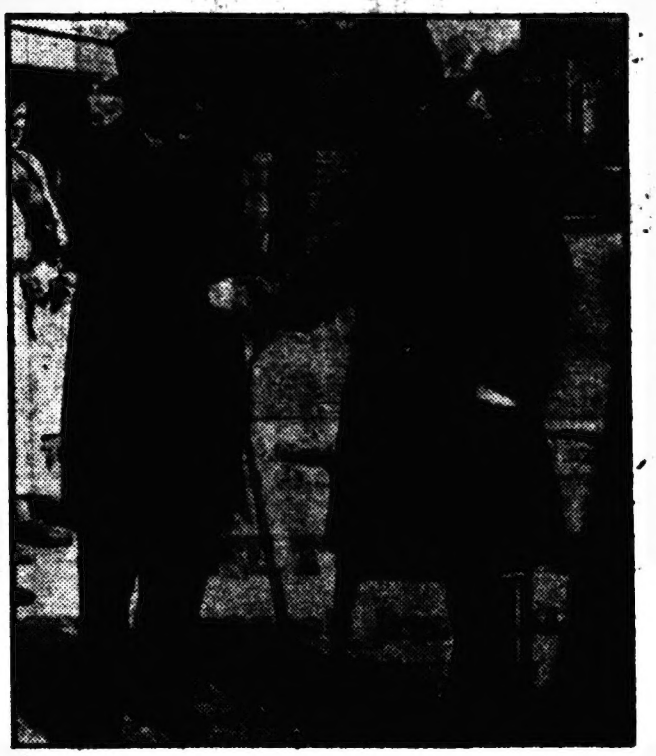
We talk about the abolition of poverty. We are encouraged in planning for it by the assurance of acknowledged experts that already the average standard of living is higher in England than in almost any other country. But has ordinary behaviour improved in proportion?

Look at the other side of the picture. What sort of people are we planning for? Who is going to dwell in our brave New World?

Children Lacking Home Security

The annual rate of divorce has increased from 500 to 10,000 in the past thirty years. Sexual immorality on an unprecedented scale has made imperative the Ministry of Health's campaign against venereal disease. The problem of the illegitimate child has likewise grown so large as to become a Government concern.

We talk of equal educational opportunities for our children. Progress in educational reform, although much remains to be done, has been immense during the present century. Yet magistrates all over the country are perturbed not only



THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER is Chairman of the late Archbishop of Canterbury's Commission on Evangelism, which was set up a year ago to consider how the Church might appeal to non-worshippers. The Bishop, whose leg had to be amputated after an accident, is seen here leaving St. Dunstan's, where he was fitted with an artificial limb.

by the quantity but by the serious quality of juvenile crime. We need to remember the old saying that education may only breed "clever devils."

We talk of the safeguarding of family life—a principle which will appeal to any decent citizen, an ideal for which many have fought and died. Yet it is a hard fact that, at the present moment, school teachers warn us that something like one-quarter of their children are faced with disrupted family life, of separated parents, of the growing lack of that home security which should have sheltered and surrounded their young lives.

The Indifferent 60 Per Cent.

We have had laid before us as a principle the restoration of a sense of vocation in daily work. Now, what does that mean? It means men and women doing their various jobs, keeping the wheels of industry turning, the land tilled, the children taught, the people fed, not only for the sake of a pay packet, but also for the sake of something bigger—for the sake of serving not merely their own interests but also those of the community.

Maybe, at certain periods during the war, when defeat and extinction stared us in the face, we unforgettably achieved something very nearly approaching this ideal.

But the vision soon fades. The incentive of Christian service is needed to vitalise and energise the idea of public service and to counteract selfishness.

As for the resources of the earth, quite obviously they will never be used as God's gift for the benefit of the people as a whole until this very people can learn to live together as a family. And that means as the family of God.

It follows that a reconstructed Britain abounding in new houses of all the best design, turned out by the most progressive Government Departments, a Britain of up-to-date schools, of promising industries, can yet be a vain thing unless it is populated by men and women whose personal "reconstruction" has kept pace with the rebuilding of their brave new world. That is why the vital task of the Church is to bend all its energies towards the reconstruction of human nature.

And now, *how* can the Church do it? At the present moment the Church touches only a very small, even a pathetically small, part of our population—perhaps 10 per cent. it has been estimated, with perhaps another 30 per cent. rather sympathetic towards it, but with the remaining 60 per cent. entirely indifferent to any religious appeal.

What, then, can the Church hope to do in the circumstances? It could not hope to do anything, and it might as well shut up shop tomorrow if it were merely a human institution. But it is not. We believe, and history proves us right in believing, that it has behind it the power of God unto salvation.

Long ago the whole mighty Roman Empire was converted to Christianity by a movement which began with the birth of a Child of humble parents in a village in one of the most obscure parts of that empire.

Few Inspired Many

The Child's name was Jesus, which means "Saviour." Within a space of time miraculously short in comparison to what was accomplished, that Name was worshipped, the message of it listened to and the Way of Life proclaimed by it followed by millions upon millions of human kind.

In our own country, no longer than two centuries ago, that Name was proclaimed to an indifferent generation by John Wesley's Evangelical Revival, which, in the words of a great archbishop, brought new life and earnestness to half the homes of England.

How in each case was it done? It was done in the first place by the always small number of ordinary men and women, who were convinced Christians, becoming themselves revitalised with an enthusiasm for their faith. They were filled with the determination at all costs, in all places, whether at work or at home, to tell others of their Saviour and set an example of Christian living in everyday life.

In other words, the call to these men and women was to become unofficial missionaries for the conversion of their generation.

This does not mean, of course, that the so-called official Church—its leaders and clergy—has not a real concern with the social structure of the nation. Its primary job in this connection is that of proclaiming principles. And heaven knows, these principles are needed enough.

God in the High Street

Its job is to inspire its people to call for, and work for, the application of these principles in Parliament and Local Government, in industry, in every town and village of our land.

This was the imperishable message of that great Christian, William Temple, our late Archbishop. As he once said: We must not only sing in our Churches of "glory to God in the Highest," but see to it that there is glory to God in the High Street as well.

The history of reform, from the abolition of slavery onwards, has shown that successful social progress has followed these lines. If, in each locality, informed Christian opinion could survey conditions and then decide on the reform necessary, and carry it out, we should go forward on our pilgrimage to a better order more swiftly than by devising social blueprints of a Utopia that only becomes a mirage when we reach it.

They Saved Us

Introducing the story of the Merchant Navy at War

"THE WAR AT SEA has never ceased. There have been lulls on land but seldom on, over or below the waters. Our merchant officers and seamen have suffered casualties at times so grievous as to be much greater than the contemporary losses in the armed forces."

These sentences appear in the foreword to "Merchantmen at War," published by the Stationery Office. It is the full story of the part played in the war effort by the Merchant Navy. It costs 1s. 9d., and should be read by every man, woman and child of this seafaring race of ours.

Humour and Heroism

The traditional modesty of the sailor shines from every page. Yet these modest heroes have brought across the sea almost every meal you have eaten since the war began, every cup of tea that has revived you, and every drop of petrol which the R.A.F. has used to scourge Germany.

And our armies are now on the threshold of Germany itself only because the Merchant Navy put them ashore and sustains them in the field.

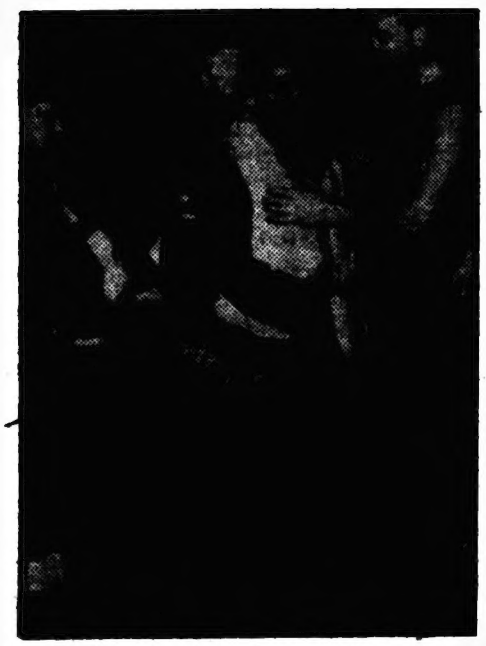
Read this book and marvel at the fact that this, the most gigantic war in human history, has been brought to the prelude of victory by less than a quarter of a million seamen spread out over an ocean front that spans the world.

You will marvel at the stories told. You will chuckle at the merchant captains on the North Russian convoy route who took their rusty tramp ships into the middle of ice fields where German destroyers, with their thin hull plating, could not follow. You will laugh outright at the salty humour of the troopship chef who said it was so hot in the Red Sea that as he made salmon mayonnaise it set his wooden spoon alight.

We Must Remember Them

You will gasp at the hazards of a 328-day voyage made by a self-propelled steam-crane lighter which sailed from Port Glasgow to the Middle East—both bow and stern being under water with every sea that broke aboard.

Read "Merchantmen at War" and you will realise what the war at sea has involved. And having read it, take a vow that never again will we forget or neglect the merchant seamen who faced—and met—death in its grimmest forms so that we and our cause should survive.



Two seamen brought to safety aboard an escort ship—but by August, 1944, 29,629 of their comrades died at sea

Lloyd George and his wife stand beside the Dwyfor—the Welsh stream from which L. G. takes his title

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P.

DEAR "L. G."—Everyone knows that after the last war you, as the "architect of victory," rejected the honours which a grateful nation was only too willing to accord you. And everyone then was convinced that you would remain to the end "L. G.," the Great Commoner.

You have exercised the human prerogative, and have changed your mind. That Chamber which, more than thirty years ago, you brought to heel by threatening the wholesale creation of Liberal Peers is now to have the benefit of the fire and flash of your oratory.

The Commons will miss you. And you, having lost "the common touch," will you miss the Commons? I can well imagine at some future date, when feelings run high in the Lower House, and political passions are aflame, that you will regret your inability to enter that word-racked battlefield.

Yet, whether earl or "L. G.," your services to the country will never be forgotten. You championed the cause of the little man. You harried the landlords, fought the big industrialists, awakened the social conscience of the nation.

To you we owe the first great social insurance scheme—a forerunner to that more-embracing plan which has yet to become law. To you we owe that first step on the road to security for the aged, the sick, and the infirm.

By whatever standards you are judged, you remain a great man. And always you will be "L. G.," the reformer, the warrior, the incorruptible.

Next Wednesday you will be eighty-two. Looking back through the turbulent years, whether from the scarlet benches of the Lords or from the more austere Commons, you may well say that those years have not been in vain. Many happy returns.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Oliver Stanley, M.P.,

Secretary for the Colonies

DEAR SIR,—Appointment of Sir Frank Stockdale as "ideas" man of the Colonial Empire is, in itself, a bright idea. But I hope the ideas he produces are on the right lines and are directed to wiping out some of the blots which have besmirched in the past our unhappy administrative record.

Our home industry is, to a considerable extent, dependent on colonial markets for export trade. Those markets must be expanded. And the way to make them more prosperous is to raise the standard of living among the natives and increase their purchasing power.

This is not a brainwave. It is a fundamental economic principle, and one which Sir Frank should have constantly in mind. For the greatest hope of future prosperity for industrial countries such as ours is to see that people throughout the whole world are enabled to buy not only the necessities but the comforts of life.—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

THAT LITTLE MORE

THERE HAVE BEEN many attempts to define a genius. Aristotle said there was no genius without an admixture of madness. Carlyle said genius meant the transcendent capacity of taking trouble.

Nearer the truth, perhaps, was old Dr. Samuel Johnson, who said that true genius was a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction. Nearer still was John Foster, who bluntly declared that genius is the power of lighting one's own fire.

Let's try a definition of our own. Let's say quite simply that not one man in a hundred thousand ever takes the trouble to make full use of the brains he has, or ever comes anywhere near the limit of his natural powers—let alone those powers trained and harnessed and directed.

Then let's say that every now and then someone does take that trouble: someone does use his brains to their full extent; someone does use his natural powers to their limit; someone does take the trouble to train and direct his abilities.

Isn't that man a genius? Is there really any more to it than that?

If you want to make a New Year Resolution, make this one—to use your brains and your abilities just a little more, just a bit more intelligently, just a bit more purposefully, just a bit more determinedly. Only a bit more—but you'll be astounded what a big thing a bit more can be!

Mr. Stanley Wilby,

Wellington-road, Ipswich

DEAR SIR,—What are you made of—iron, granite, concrete? Don't you suffer from any of those frailties which make the whole world kin? Or are you so blasé that winning £14,000 in a football pool is just another of those things sent to try us?

As a loader at a corn mill you earn £3 7s. a week. Out of the blue comes, free of tax, a cheque representing about eighty years' toil. And you don't take off one day to celebrate.

Seriously, my congratulations for deciding to carry on with your work and the mode of living you have known so long. Only a man of sense and resolution could act as you have done—put the money into the war effort and look forward to a future of security for yourself and family.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. R. H. Parry,

Medical Officer of Health, Bristol

DEAR DR. PARRY,—Your revelation that Britain is losing needlessly 4,000 child lives every year makes strange reading in an age which prides itself on the advancement of medical knowledge and resources.

In Europe and Asia the best of our manhood is fighting, and, alas, dying. Our babies become more precious as the horrible wastage of war ravages our homes.

For this reason your plea for incubators, for human milk depots, and for specialised medical attention such as is available in go-ahead New Zealand should not go unheeded.

Until the war is over and the grave shortage of doctors is remedied, I cannot see how the necessary medical care can be provided. But the "Save more babies" cry must continue to be heard in the land. And your voice is only one of many that shall be heard.—JOHN BULL.

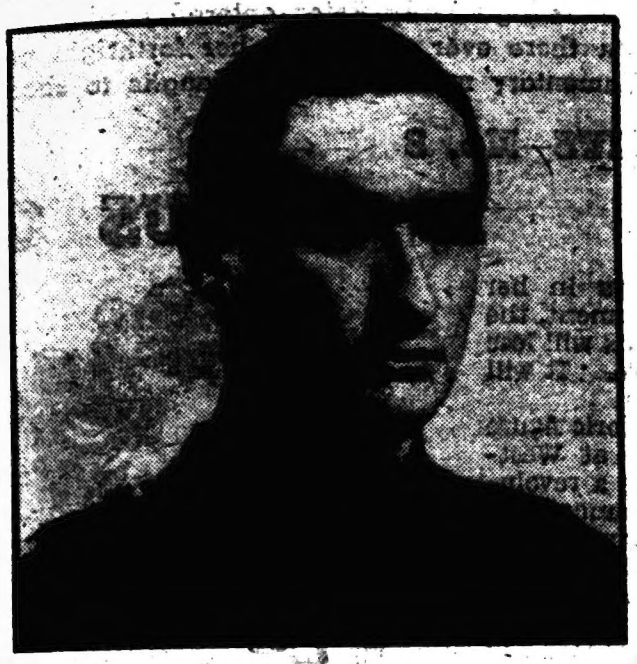
Alderman J. Binns,

Mayor of Salford

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—How and where you bestow the Mayoral handshakes is no concern of mine, and I neither praise nor condemn your action in shaking the hand of a wounded German during a visit to Salford Royal Hospital.

But when you seek to justify your Christian spirit by expressing the hope that your action lighted a candle in Germany and "made the Germans realise that the British nation wants them to become decent, honest citizens," I prefer the speech which Sir Stafford Cripps made on the same day. "Let us beware," he said, "of exercising our Christianity in one direction only—towards the evildoer—and overlooking the plight of the victim."

Certainly we must treat the Germans as human beings. We must try to cure them of Nazi ideas. But we must also make sure that never again can they plunge their neighbours into misery.—JOHN BULL.



Lieut.-Colonel Deakin jumped into Yugoslavia to work secretly with Tito behind the lines

An American paratroop leaps into Occupied Europe—food and medicine are dropped with him

Publicised ex-boxer Max Schmeling led Nazi descents over Crete—he found the job too tough

MEN WHO JUMP TO VICTORY

To-day airborne troops are in the vanguard of victory: only eight years ago military experts laughed at a display of paratroops over Moscow. This article shows how the parachute has become a mighty weapon of Allied warfare

by WILLI FRISCHAUER

RUNDSTEDT'S TROOPS WERE hammering furiously at the gates of an old Belgian town in which elements of an American Airborne Division, completely surrounded by the enemy, held out against heavy odds.

At the height of the battle, a coloured parachute floated down among them with casual elegance. The man who dangled from it landed expertly on the ground and a cheer went up as the Americans recognised him.

It was their colonel. He had jumped to join them in their fateful battle after an enemy thrust had separated him from his men.

Although many officers had jumped with their men, this was the first time that one had used a parachute to lead his men out of a dangerous predicament.

Another grand chapter was added to the unique war stories which revolve round the parachute. Indeed, what is accepted to-day as the obvious function of the parachute made the cynics smile only a few years ago.

A Perverted Invention

As late as 1937 international military experts ridiculed as "silly toy soldiers" the Soviet parachutists who gave a display of their technique at a Moscow parade.

There was nothing "playful" about the Nazi parachutists who recently dropped behind the Allied lines, disguised in American uniforms. They were expert spies and saboteurs, rumour-mongers and mischief-makers of every type who tried to confuse and mislead both Allied troops and Belgian civilians.

The parachute was invented to save lives. Trust the Nazis to pervert the use of it in order to deceive and to destroy. They began it long ago. They sent parachute spies as far as the Middle East, where two German scientists were dropped to establish a wireless station for Nazi agents early in the war.

Britain, standing alone in 1940, was prepared for enemy parachute tactics. Watchful eyes scanned the sky day and night for hundreds of individual parachute spies, saboteurs or for a parachute army.

What a ridiculous anti-climax was the arrival in Britain of the first German parachutists. They did not come to fight or spy or commit acts of sabotage. They were frightened members of a Nazi bomber crew who had baled out over Britain. They implored a few unarmed Home Guards, then called Local Defence Volunteers, to accept their surrender.

Many of their fellow *Luftwaffe* men have followed. But only a few, provided with weapons, wireless apparatus and English money, have tried to bury their parachutes in the hope of remaining here undiscovered.

True, the Germans have tried some spectacular parachute actions in this war. Nazi General Sponeck, who jumped with the German parachutists detailed to link up with Fifth Columnists in Holland in 1940, learned the pitfalls of parachute fighting. He broke his ankle in landing and was captured.

All the German plans for the conquest of Holland were found on him. The rapid advance of German ground forces saved him, but the Allies learned a lot about the Nazi parachute technique.

Later the Nazis put up the former heavyweight champion, Max Schmeling, as an expert paratrooper. He went into action in Crete. But "Germany's strongest man" realised that parachuting is more strenuous and needs greater courage than prize-fighting. He was soon invalided out of the German army.

In the meantime, the Allies prepared their own particular parachute strategy. They understood that the parachute, more than any other instrument of war, had revolutionised warfare.

The Allies linked "brains" to the power of the parachute to overcome physical obstacles. It was the parachute which conveyed one of Britain's most brilliant brains, Mr. Churchill's young friend, Lieut.-Col. Frederic William Dampier Deakin, a former Oxford don, to Marshal Tito's headquarters in German-infested Yugoslavia.

Deakin was followed by many expert staff officers who entrusted their lives to the parachute to work surrounded by the enemy. Many were "desk soldiers," but the parachute proved that there is courage among the "chairborne divisions" of Whitehall.

The vital turn in the relations between Britain and Marshal Tito came when Major Randolph Churchill, the Premier's son, went the same way with an important message from his father.

At about the same time, Allied parachutists abounded in the four corners of Europe. Little, for instance, has been heard of the men who dropped on to the snow-covered plateaux of Norway to lead the local patriots, bringing them food and weapons.

Unsung, as yet, are the great leaders who went from British-held territory by parachute into Greece, Albania and Italy to guide the guerillas.

There were also the men who literally "jumped into France" and other Western European countries. Their number is legion; their individual feats of courage and intelligence—in every sense of the word—cannot as yet be revealed. But we know that without them the invasion of France might not have been successful.

Saving Life by Parachute

These men linked up with Allied airmen who had legitimately baled out over France. They formed themselves into combat and reconnaissance groups. German-held France was infested with them long before D-day.

I remember a young Belgian patriot, still under twenty, who had worked underground in his country as a member of the "Black Hand" anti-German sabotage organisation. When the *Gestapo* was on his heels he escaped to Britain.

He had not been here more than a few weeks when I met him marching with a Belgian parachute unit which had been trained in this country. He was eager to return—by parachute—to his native Belgium. He and many of his compatriots did so, and the Germans will tell you how well these boys worked in familiar surroundings. Allied High Command will confirm how much they contributed to the success of the invasion.

Do you think that only fierce fighters use the parachute in modern military operations?

There was one occasion when a dramatic radio call reached a divisional headquarters from an isolated outpost where one of the cleverest British Intelligence Officers had been severely wounded. Only an immediate operation could save his valuable life.

No ground-bound ambulance could hope to reach him in time, and so a parachute hospital unit was called in. Barely half an hour later, a complete medical outfit, with a doctor, orderlies, operating table, and medical instruments were dropped on the designated spot. The wounded officer was operated on and his life saved.

Many times Allied troops, not in the thick of battle, have craned their necks, looking towards the skies, waiting for parachutes to drop.

They were not waiting for human cargoes. Food and ammunition, books, newspapers and mail from their beloved ones at home have reached lonely units in inaccessible territory by means of the parachute.

Fresh in memory is the occasion when, during the rapid Allied advance through France, a front-line unit ran out of maps. They were supplied to the commanding officer by parachute and the advance went on.

They'll Drop into the Reich

To-day no unit, no regiment, no brigade, or even a whole army need worry when it is cut off from the main body of our troops. Where men would previously have been lost, starved of food and ammunition, the parachute brings help. Its appearance is a herald of eventual relief.

Ask the Chindits in Burma, or the men of the American Colonel Cochran's desert outfit, what they would have done without the help of the parachute. Ask Army technicians whether it would have been possible without the parachute to prepare those forward landing strips from which Allied fighters operated soon after D-day.

Dangling from the precarious mushrooms of silk were carpenters, blacksmiths, technicians, even meteorologists. They landed, followed by canisters which brought essential materials, and it was only a few hours before a landing strip was ready for the reception of the parachute's "next of kin," the glider.

Security reasons still prevent the full story of parachute exploits to be told. When the story comes to be written you will understand why parachute packers are among the most beloved "erks" in the air force, and why the heroes of great air adventures regularly visit the girls in British factories who make the parachutes.

Soon Allied parachutists may jump across the Rhine, into Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg and Munich. The parachute will be recognised as one of the newest and most valuable instruments of liberation and victory.

This Family Will Be Homeless To-morrow

Here is a shocking story. Unfortunately, it is typical of thousands. It makes clear the misery of the housing problem that the Government does not seem able to solve

THIS ISSUE of JOHN BULL is dated January 13, and to-morrow, the wife and six children of a man serving in the R.A.F. are due to be turned out of their rooms at Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire. They will be homeless, and neighbours will see the family's belongings piled into the roadway.

Here is the stark tragedy of the housing problem focused in the plight of the family of L.A.C. D. W. Williams, who has served with the R.A.F. throughout this war, and also served his country in the last war.

His wife and six children, the eldest aged sixteen, and the youngest seven months, have been living in what can only be described as appalling conditions of inconvenience at Lindridge Road, Sutton Coldfield.

3,000 Wait for Homes

For two and a half years they have lived in one small kitchen, a bedroom and a small box-room. There is hardly enough room for the family to sit down for a meal in the kitchen.

For two years the Williams have been trying to find other accommodation, but without success. Now they are to be turned into the street.

Their case came before the Birmingham County Court on December 14, when it was ordered that the Williams must give up possession of their rooms on January 14.

Thus they were given a month to find new accommodation—in a town where there are 3,000 people on the waiting list for houses.

L.A.C. Williams, who had obtained leave to plead his case at the Birmingham County Court, explained how he had tried to find other accommodation for his family. He had written to, or had interviewed, almost everybody from the Minister of Health and his local M.P., Sir John Mellor, down to the Mayor, the Deputy Town Clerk, the Billetting Officer, and other officials, all without effect.

But the Court, while it doubtless had sympathy with this airman and his family, could do nothing but order him to give up possession of the rooms in Lindridge Road, Sutton Coldfield, within a month.

It was explained to him that, as the rooms were described as furnished, the Court was powerless to help him.

It's a Familiar Tragedy

When I called at the Williams' home, there was anxiety and something like despair in the eyes of husband and wife as they told the plain story of their unhappy predicament.

"What is going to happen to my wife, the children and our belongings, I don't know," Williams said.

"Local officials have told me," said his wife, in taking up the story, "that the baby and I will have to go into the Tamworth Institution. The other children will have to be sent into homes, or placed in billets.

"What a dreadful thing to happen to a respectable family," she added, as her lips quivered and tears came into her anxious eyes.

A dreadful thing indeed—and nobody directly is to blame. It is just one of the tragedies of the housing problem, and neither the Government nor the local authorities have been able to solve it.

This tragedy is being repeated up and down the country, and is not confined to the Williams family.

Landlady Needs Rooms

There is no blame attached to the landlady of the house in which the Williams have been living. She wants possession of the rooms because her husband, who has been serving in India, is expected home.

There is nothing whatever against the Williams family. The father is a man with a splendid record of service to his country. The mother is a woman who has taken a pride in her children, who are well cared for. The eldest daughter has been kept at the local High School at considerable financial sacrifice by parents. The other children at school show high promise.

While at Sutton Coldfield I saw local officials and others. They had not a word to say against the character of the family.

Yet the local Council is powerless to do anything in the matter, and the officials made no attempt to hide the facts of this distressing case.

Of the 3,000 names on the waiting list for houses in this small town near Birmingham, 900 are considered really urgent applications. But there are no houses. The housing plans on the Town Clerk's desk are likely to remain just plans for some time to come.

Officials Argue the Case

One of the difficulties is that, when war broke out, the Williams family was living in Birmingham. Later, after having been bombed out of their home, they were rehoused, in conditions that were not too good.

In the interests of his wife's health, who was expecting another baby, L.A.C. Williams decided to take his family to Sutton Coldfield.

Now the local Council argues that the responsibility for housing the Williams family rests with the Birmingham authorities. They on their side decline to accept any responsibility in the matter. They point out that they did provide the family with housing accommodation, but that this was vacated.

There the matter rests, and eviction faces the family.

It must not be forgotten that the plight of the Williams family is not an isolated case. The families of many other Servicemen and civilians are suffering, and will suffer, similar fates until the urgent and pressing problem of housing is effectively dealt with by the Government.

Neat housing plans, tied up with large quantities of Red Tape are of no use to the Williams family nor to others who face a homeless future.

HARRY FOWLER.

Twenty-five years ago Lady Astor entered Parliament with maj She has been there ever since, and her forthright personali he kind of Parliamentary noise from loud laughs to shocked cr of

PORTRAITS—No. 8

A GENIUS OF H

IF LADY ASTOR PERSISTS in her retirement from Parliament, the new House of Commons will lose its most historic figure. It will also lose much of its fun.

I call her the most historic figure because her appearance at Westminster 25 years ago was a revolutionary event. It announced the final emancipation of women and the most momentous change in the political structure of this country since 1688.

Lady Astor has put on record her emotions under the ordeal:

> "My first weeks in the House of Commons were a sheer nightmare to me. I was the only woman then amidst six hundred-odd men, all taking themselves very seriously. Six hundred-odd men—and poor little me, the outsider. . . . It was just horrible, and I was scared to death. I never dared go anywhere about the House. . . . I just felt the icy disapproval and downright hostility."

It is difficult to believe that she was "scared to death" or within many leagues of death. For if there is one quality that shines out above all others in Lady Astor, it is her sublime audacity, her indomitable pluck.

The Five Sisters

Her genius is the genius of high spirits. She has careered through life at a gallop ever since, as one of the five Langhorne sisters, she raised the dust (and the eyebrows) of Virginia by the thunder of her hooves over her native pastures.

We were all familiar with her on this side of the Atlantic long before we had heard of her existence. For she and her sisters were the originals of the famous "Gibson girls" with which Dana Gibson bestrewed the pages of the American and English magazines at the beginning of the century.

And it was the dauntless spirit of her madcap youth that, at forty, she first raised the banner of women in the British House of Commons, to which she had been elected by the Sutton Division of Plymouth when her husband succeeded his father in the House of Lords.

She entered the stuffy chamber like a gale of wind, and for 25 years the gale has never subsided. Like her countryman Lowell's Candidate:

> She's a straightspoken kind o' creetur
> Thet blurts right out wut's in her head,
> And ef she's one pecoolar feetur
> It is a nose thet wunt be led.

Sometimes she offends the House, and sometimes she delights it, but always she dares to be herself.

Her spirit is as free as the air. She is "Nancy" to two hemispheres, and "hail-fellow-well-met" to all the world.

"Nancy" as seen by George Whitelaw

Her passion is for the rights of women and the equality of the sexes, but there is no sex fanaticism about her. She is entirely feminine, but she is no feminist.

That is, she has no animus against man, as men. She only wishes to keep them in their place and give women their share of the sunshine.

In spite of her torrential public life, she is, being "the mother of six," as family-minded as the most sedate Victorian matron. Her devotion to her husband is nearly as legendary as that of her husband to her.

No Illusions about Husbands

But she has no illusions about husbands, and has none of Ethel M. Dell's reverence for the powerful, possessive male.

"A woman," she says, in her oracular way, "should love her husband, but she should not be eternally saying 'hear, hear' to him. She should not hesitate to correct him and even go against him."

And as to parents, she has remarked, "I know which was the better and the wiser of mine—and it wasn't my father." What a handful she and her sisters must have been to the poor man.

She is always going like the wind, in her play as in her work. Her handicap at golf is something never aspired to, but when she had done indifferently in the Parliamentary golf handicap, she remarked gaily: "What can you expect? I was riding pillion on a motor bicycle last night at 90 miles an hour."

In her outlook on life there is

majority of five thousand votes over her nearest opponent, her outspokenness, her quick wit, have brought out every of "Oh! Oh!". Her provocative character is depicted here

by A. G. GARDINER

HIGH SPIRITS

nothing of the revolutionary, and her tastes and sympathies are those of the old-fashioned Puritan rather than those of the modern woman.

She does not smoke or drink, and is a little censorious of those who do. She is as indifferent to the vagaries of fashion as she is free from the feverish unrest of sex. She does not want women to be like men, but to be like women.

If there is anything in men that she would have women imitate it is their freedom from the tyranny of fashion. "They do not change the length of their trousers every two years," she says, "as women change the length of their skirts."

She Chased a Burglar

She is nominally a Conservative, but she is the despair of Party whips, for she cuts across the fences of politics as defiantly as she once took the fences of Virginia.

She is concerned with morals much more than with politics. If the morals of people are sound, she believes that their politics will not be unsound. It is the women who suffer from the decay of moral standards.

This conviction sends her crusading against the modern trends of literature. "I walked down a street in Plymouth," she said not long ago, "and bought nearly £2 worth of the filthiest books I have seen for a long time. I mean to take them to the House of Commons and ask if it isn't time we stopped allowing this stuff to be printed."

But King Alcohol is her most hated foe, and her war on him knows no quarter. When the late Sir Frederick Banbury rose to talk out her Bill prohibiting the sale of wines and spirits to young persons under eighteen she did not "maul" him, as alleged, or hold on to his coat-tails, as she had threatened.

But she rose beside him and strove to save her offspring. It was then four in the morning, and she had been fighting her battle from the previous evening on "a hard-boiled egg and a glass of water."

"I wonder," said Sir Frederick, pursuing his thesis of the virtues of alcohol, "I wonder if the honourable lady Member for the Sutton Division has ever taken any hard, violent exercise."

"I never felt more like taking violent exercise than at this moment," said the voice beside him. But she did not "maul" him, and when he had won she only fired at him a parting shot—"Oh, you old villain," she said, "I will get you next time." And she did, for in the end she got her Bill passed.

Her courage is equal to any emergency inside the House or out. When a burglar, whom she had found in her house at Plymouth, threatened to kill her, she so overawed him that he fled, with her in hot pursuit. Having run him to earth and the police having arrived, she refused to prosecute. "I only wanted his name and the public interest," she said.

So, when speaking at Glasgow, the Communists tried to howl her down, she started singing, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," with such good humoured gusto that she silenced the uproar and won a hearing.

Her wit is the unstudied eruption of her high spirits, and it is enveloped in such gaiety that even her victim can enjoy it. They include her friends as well as her foes. It was one of her leaders of whom she said that he "had a face like a meat trust." It was another to whom, meeting him in the lobby, she is said to have remarked: "I have been defending you against Labour Members. They say you are not fit to feed with pigs. I say that you are."

Her *obiter dicta* would fill a volume. Her life is a whirl of activities, the mere record of which makes one giddy. Her methods are often mistaken, but her motives are always humane, public spirited and free from the slightest alloy of self-interest.

Women and Children First

She is not only the first woman who ever sat in the House of Commons: she is the only woman who has sat there continuously during the 25 years that have elapsed since woman suffrage was enacted.

And, though she has never held office, she has throughout been the most conspicuous woman in Parliament.

It has fallen to her, therefore, more than to any other single person, to justify the revolution of 1919.

In many ways she has done so by her enthusiasm for the humanities of life, her devotion to the cause of peace, her moral passion and her sleepless guardianship of the interests of women and children.

She would have done still more so if the exuberance of her spirit had been controlled by a cooler head and a more restrained and sagacious judgment. Her place in Parliamentary history is assured. But we still await the coming of the woman who can teach the politics of woman with the stamp of high statesmanship.

NEXT WEEK: SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS.

Hannen Swaffer Talks

ABOUT PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

NOT EVEN YET is there anything like complete co-operation between the Allies.

We are calling up 250,000 extra men—and all the time France is willing to supply 300,000 fighting men who need only uniforms, of which we have plenty. Yet, for mysterious reasons, we ignored de Gaulle's offer!

Was it because her greater share in victory would give France more power at the Peace table?

Anyway, men are wanted—and France has many thousands of eager young ones, trained in the Maquis and in danger of getting out of hand!

Delhi Comes to London

A RECENT PRESS conference illustrated "the British Raj" in all its pomp.

When Lord Munster met the reporters, at the Ministry of Information, after his inquiry into Burma scandals, it was Amery himself who presided. Brass-hats of high degree surrounded him. Was it to scare the reporters into very subdued questioning?

"Every questioner must give his name and that of his paper," said Amery. This, indeed, was strange—for all were accredited correspondents.

So all but men on Left newspapers were silent!

Several times when a question was asked, a Brass-hat, no doubt defending his own Department, answered it instead of Munster!

Obviously, the India Office was afraid of something, for, at the end, Amery said, 'All the answers were off the record."

Why, then, have a conference? They were treating the Press as though it were India!

Playwright Won't Look!

IMPOSSIBLE THOUGH it seems, Lady Hardwicke assures me that never, even at the age of eighty-two—half a century after his first stage effort was produced—has Eden Phillpotts seen one of his own plays.

And one of the score he has written, "The Farmer's Wife," which had Cedric Hardwicke as the star, ran for 1,392 performances!

"Even when we acted in one of his comedies at Torquay, only a few miles from his home," said the actress wife of the actor knight "he did not see us perform. He gave us tea instead."

Problem of the Regents

I CANNOT UNDERSTAND why, if the Regents of Bulgaria are to be treated as war criminals, Prince Paul, the Regent of Yugo-Slavia, who decided to hand over his country to the Germans—it was the peasants who died by the thousand shouting "No"—is still made such a fuss of by our High-ups.

Paul was brought away from the country he had betrayed on a British warship, fêted by the snobbish club-life of Kenya, and then allowed to live in South Africa, where his son joined our Forces, and Smuts called on him.

No wonder the Resistance heroes of Greece and the other liberated lands seem suspicious!

Why the Bourbons?

THEN WHY IS IT that there is backing, in Whitehall, for a return of the effete and discredited Spanish monarchy when Franco is made "Duke of Victory" and made to

AS SEEN BY OSCAR BERGER

resign? Lord Templewood, it is said, favours this change.

The Bourbons, who suffer from a disease that makes a lavish blood-flow follow the slightest cut, are a sorry lot.

"Princess Ena," when she had married Alfonso, had to endure much at a Court centuries out of date

That Court, even in the last war, was anti-British.

I, who saw not only the bomb fall on Alfonso's wedding coach but the fighting in the Civil War, know that it is the masses and not the titled rich—they wanted our Gibraltar—who are our friends.

A Very Modern "Times"

ROBERT BARRINGTON-WARD—"B.W." they call him—has, in the three years he has been its editor, so re-established the *Times* that it is now more influential than ever.

Geoffrey Dawson, whom he succeeded, made it so slavish a follower of Neville Chamberlain that once he even refused to print a critical letter from Sir Archibald Sinclair, the leader of the Liberal Party! So it had to find publicity in the *News Chronicle*.

He Angered Winston

"B. W." BROADENED its policy into an enlightened Liberalism, supported the Beveridge Report and town-planning — and, in the last month of 1944, made Churchill very angry, time after time, by siding with the "rebels" in Greece.

Indeed, his insistence on a sympathetic treatment of ELAS did more to send Winston flying to Athens, to deal with the men he had called "brigands from the mountains" two weeks before, than anything else.

On the day before the new editor took up his duties, L.G. asked him to lunch and lectured him on his grave responsibility. He was, however, preaching to the converted.

They Are Heroes Now!

WHEN A RUSSIAN general, a week or so ago, attended as a privileged guest the passing-out ceremony at Sandhurst, of all places—well, what a change it was in three years!

When, early in this war, Soviet naval, military and air emissaries arrived at Euston, orders were given by the War Office "No photographs of British officers shaking hands with Russian officers are to be taken."

How we reporters laughed! Indeed, our mockery caused an immediate withdrawal of the order.

...e Seven Crises ... Hercules Smith

ERCULES SMITH WOULD NEVER forget that awful November evening in 1943. The sound of bicycle wheels on the gravel; sharp knocking at the front his own trembling hands ng open the official envelope drawing out the telegram.

ays, when he recalled it, he would oan's eyes watching him in the ng firelight, and her fingers digging dents in the soft covering of the of her chair.

words on the printed slips pasted the buff paper had dazed him like sical blow. He could not see them consecutive sentence. Only as odd . but still conveying their dreadful ge: *War Office . . . regrets . . . of your son . . . in action cross- angro River . . . Italy . . .*

," said Hercules miserably. "No!" ied out, and looked fearfully across an.

had half-risen from her chair, and umbled over the carpet and knelt beside her, looking into her face to draw strength and comfort from ut this time there was no strength hich Hercules could draw. As he ed her the telegram slipped out of ands, her eyes went dead, and she ed back in a faint.

ambling to his feet with an ex- tion, he found Sheila at his der with a bottle of smelling-salts. hat is it, Daddy?" she asked, as egan to revive her mother.

's—it's John, my pet," he said, lay- trembling hand on her shoulder e bent over the chair. "He's—he's killed."

h, Daddy!" For a moment Sheila d her ministrations; then, as she over her mother, Hercules saw tears ng down her cheeks.

on't cry, Sheila," he implored her. ! Mummy's coming round now. ook after her. Will you—will you d tell Bill, my pet? He's out in the shop, I think, and somebody ought ."

ll go, Daddy," sobbed Sheila, and ut of the room.

n was conscious again now, and iles began to talk to her. But she ed unable to reply, and her eyes dry.

n dead . . .

rcules tried to realise what it meant. he could only see a series of too- mental pictures of his son—a mis- ous little boy, two years old, scram- about his play-pen in the flat over hop, needing his Daddy's attention se his mother was in a nursing with pneumonia . . a sturdy boy e, toddling up this very gravel path e Hercules and Joan when they had edly approached the pretty green for the first time . . . then as a y youth of seventeen, scrambling ully out of the basement of a ed house in London . . . a subaltern g good-bye from the train which him away after his last leave . . .

KED IN his cubby-hole office at the op, Hercules was painfully compos- letter.

was more than a week since the am had arrived—a week in which iles had never once ceased to worry. had remained in a state of com- apathy—so great a contrast to her warm affection that Hercules had ncomfortable feeling of living, after hese years, with an indifferent ger

ere were moments, indeed, when his utter vagueness threw across his the fearful shadow of insanity. He afraid to leave her, and had kept a home from school to be constantly r mother's side.

last, in desperation, he had called e doctor.

his is not a case for medicine," the

Hercules stood at her shoulder as she read it

A MESSAGE OF GOOD CHEER

When Hercules Smith saw his wife knocked over by grief at the death of their son he decided on drastic action. The plot worked—but in an unexpected way

by HARRY HEARSON

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

old man had told Hercules. "The only possible hope I can give you is for some sort of mental jolt—and preferably a jolt somehow connected with the original one. Something," he elaborated, with a sympathetic glance at the unhappy little man, "to do with your son."

Hercules nodded miserably. "I see what you mean," he said. "But—but I don't see how——"

"It's difficult," the doctor agreed. "Maybe if you were to write to his C.O. Perhaps a parcel of the boy's effects . . . Even a delayed letter from him. You never know just what will do the trick in these cases, when people seem to lose interest in life."

Even a delayed letter.

The suggestion had stuck in Hercules' mind like a burr on tweed. Perhaps one day, who knows, a letter might turn up.

But meanwhile Joan was growing paler. She took no interest in anything—not even in the children. If the letter was ever going to come, Hercules told himself, it had better come soon. And with this urgency there had crept into his mind an insidious thought. . . .

He had shied away from it instinctively, but had been unable to dismiss it altogether. Whenever he watched Joan's strange, apathetic face across the meal table, or when they sat silent by the fire in the lounge every evening, the idea would creep into the forefront of his mind, and with it the feeling that surely anything was justifiable if it would bring Joan back to her old cheerful self.

For two days Hercules had gone so far as to carry in his pocket an old envelope and letter from John in Italy and in private moments he would take them out and look at them.

"It can't do you any harm, old chap, can it?" The silent question would be addressed gropingly, blindly, to wherever such appeals do go. "You wouldn't want Mummy to go on being cold and unhappy, would you?"

It had been a painful struggle, and even now, as he sat locked in his office, slowly forging a letter, he still felt distaste for the unwelcome task.

He still had some of the notepaper he had given John when the boy went away, so that at least would look right, and he had the earlier letter beside him for guidance as he tried to write what he thought the boy himself might have written

Hercules toiled slowly on, and presently, his task finished, he read the letter through, compared its general appearance with the earlier one, and, deciding that he could do no better, folded it carefully, placed it in the old envelope, blurred the stampings and managed to stick the torn edges carefully together.

Joan, he told himself with a little pang of guilt, wouldn't be so very particular about details. . . .

THE POSTMAN TURNED IN through the wicket gate and came up the gravel path past the limes. Hercules, who had been waiting and watching the gate from the bathroom window, slipped out and downstairs.

He arrived in the hall simultaneously with the fall of the letters through the slit on to the mat, and bending down to pick them up, he slipped among them the one he took from the pocket of his dressing-gown.

"I'll have a look," said Hercules, and began to flip through the letters. He handed one to his daughter, then, taking a deep breath, suddenly let out an exclamation.

"It's—it's a letter from John," he said in a low voice. "Ought I to——?"

Sheila stared at him, her hand to her mouth, then:

"Remember what the doctor told you, Daddy?" she said, speaking softly, but with an undercurrent of excitement thrilling her voice. "Why not take the letter in and let Mummy open it? Perhaps——"

Hercules nodded, and squeezed her arm. "I believe you're right, my pet."

He squared his shoulders, and walked quickly into the dining-room. "Joan!" he said urgently. "Joan, darling! Here's a letter from John."

"A letter?" she answered vaguely.

"From John!" Hercules spoke loudly, and then found his hands shaking as he saw a flash of intelligence in her eyes and a touch of warmth stealing into her cheeks.

"From John?" she echoed him in a bewildered voice. "A letter from John? But he couldn't. He's—he's——"

Hercules hurried round the table and laid the letter in front of her. "I expect it was delayed," he said.

Joan picked the envelope up from the cloth. "It's John's writing," she said. Her voice had lost its lifelessness and was trembling. Slowly she drew out the letter and opened it. Hercules stood at her shoulder as she read it.

It told, cheerfully, of what John had been doing—much the same sort of things he had described in previous letters; and then, towards the end, it became more serious in tone. There were a few sentences about local Fascists, and the letter went on:

> Remember that time I got mixed up with those Mosley people at Sir Wilfred Danks' house? I was a young fool then, but Dad showed me where they were all wrong. They would have smashed up the things I think most of when I think of home. I mean things like Dad browsing among his old books in the shop, and you, Mum, in your lovely home, making

lcome for everyone who comes
it. I want you, whatever happens,
on doing just that, for it is a
re which at least one soldier is
ing to keep intact.
member that Bible quotation I
in an earlier letter? Funny it
d stay with me, seeing I was
so hot on Scripture and that at
l. But it's given me an awful
f comfort in sticky corners out
"Be of good cheer; it is I; be
fraid."
ere! You'll think that a funny
of thing for a young soldier to be
ng. But I wanted you to know
I really am not afraid. Whatever
ens I want you to keep cheerful
carry on. My love to you both,
to Bill, and to Sheila. . . .
put the letter down, and looked
her husband standing anxiously
her. It was a queer, uncertain
nd then her face began working.
Hercules bent quickly to place an
ound her, she burst into tears and
d her face into the hollow of his
er.
ere, there, my darling," he mur-
"There, there. Everything will
right." And standing there in his
ssing-gown, the morning light
g up the bald patch among his
d hair, the little man gently rocked
fe to and fro and crooned to her
he were a baby.
r, as he sat in his place, beginning
eakfast which Sheila had brought
m, he watched his wife and
er reading the letter, and was
with a smile whenever Joan
d up at him with her eyes wet
ve again and holding a message
and renewed hope.
eard her murmur "Thank God for
and he winced. But he had only
at her shining eyes and the life
trembling face to experience a
ess and relief so great that it
into the tiniest of corners that
eeling of guilt. . . .

SENSE OF GUILT was to last for
ral weeks. It was finally banished
nething that happened when Her-
and Joan were having dinner
er one evening. The children had
ut to a pre-Christmas party.
had improved beyond recognition.
as able to talk quite normally
John; and indeed something about
sy atmosphere of their little meal
to remind her of him now.
u know, dear," she said, "this
evening we are having together,
you come to think of it, is really
f the ordinary everyday life that
lied for. I shall never forget how
last letter brought it out. The
ry things of life. It was clever of
ear, to see through everything to
mple truth."
!" Hercules blinked and sat up
chair. "Clever of me? I don't
hat—what——"
smiled at him affectionately. "I
knew John didn't write that
" she said mildly. "A mother can
u know, and——"
u—you knew all the t-time?"
es was stuttering with shock and
nse of guilt. "But I—I never
ed. . . . B-but if you knew how
you—you seemed so happy, as
if——"
cause," said Joan, leaning across
able and patting his trembling
"I saw suddenly what an awful
le you must have had before you
bring yourself to do such a thing.
realised that if you cared that
—and perhaps Sheila and Bill
the same—then I did have some
left that were very much worth
for."
-things worth living for?" Her-
echoed her,
s. Including you, you old silly,"
oan. She reached for a handker-
blew her nose, and eyed him
ly. "Put your tie straight," she
"You look a sight sitting there
our mouth open."

These books make news

Across the Top of the World

How a "Mountie" sailed eastward through the frozen North West Passage

"BUT THE North West Passage!" Constable Gunderson of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police sounded as if he could not believe his ears. "No one's ever done the passage from west to east."

The answer from the inspector came slowly. "Well, it's about to be done."

So, on a June morning in 1940, while the city of Vancouver slept, the 80-ton *St. Roch* moved away from the wharf with only a handful of gulls to mark her going, and began one of the greatest feats of exploration and adventure since the days of Scott and Amundsen.

In his book, *Plowing the Arctic*, just published by Hodder and Stoughton at 12s. 6d., G. J. Tranter describes it for the first time, an enthralling story which anyone with a taste for adventure should not miss.

Remember the Name

The North West Passage is a legend in the annals of seafaring. For centuries men had tried to find a way through, and scores of ships were crushed and sunk. Then, at last, came Raold Amundsen. He took his ship through from east to west and the world acclaimed him. Three years from east to west! Men in their cups said there must be a way back, but who would dare to find it?

The answer was provided by Sergeant Henry Larsen, of the Mounted Police.

He set sail on that June day in a toy ship, but her hull was sheathed with Australian iron-bark and she was specially built to face the ice, the cold and the snow.

Sergeant Henry Larsen. Remember that name. When this war is over it will spread throughout the world and go down in history, for then the war will no longer overwhelm this great epic. In due time the name of Larsen is destined to be coupled with Scott and Amundsen.

Seven Men

There were seven of them altogether—Monette, Hedley, Parry, Chartrand, Farrar, Hunt and Larsen. Parry said of Larsen: "He's a big man that's the full of a door."

Seasickness was their earliest trouble. It attacked them all—bar Larsen. He remained at the masthead while, one after another, the others went down. Heave and roll! But all was well for Larsen

Then came the packs of ice prowling

"Baby's just taken his first step, dear"

Sergeant Larsen fishing under the ice

the black waters, searching for just such prey as the tiny *St. Roch*. Great ice boulders threw themselves at her, trying to smash her.

Smaller ones she forced under her belly and there was a continual growling of smothered ice. The big fellows came at her again and again, shaking her from stem to stern. If the crew could have seen the things at a reasonable distance, it wouldn't have been so bad. Instead, a thick fog settled on the waters and they never knew what glacial monster might come lunging out of it to tread them underfoot. That fog lasted sixteen hours. It was a short spell.

Weeks spread into months. One set of danger and hardship gave place to another, until one morning Larsen recorded in his log: "Heavy snowfall continues. Vessel now completely locked in and drifting with the ice."

He Talked to the Ship

The very timbers of the ship groaned as the ice pressure grew and began to push her—was it to the chosen spot for wrecking? Was the shoal ahead the destined place where this brave venture would finish? Larsen caught the arm of a nearly hysterical lad, "Get a grip on yourself. We're doing everything we can to hold her off."

Then came the crash, the ship pivoted right round twice, and down went the port side. "We're going over!"

Larsen stood there talking. Not to his men or to his God. He talked to his ship as the deck twisted under him, and his voice was calm. "Tall and straight and beautiful I like to see you. . . ." Still she slipped over . . . "Not with your head down. . . ." He was pleading now. . . . "*Never* with your head down. . . ."

Maybe it was his hand on the wheel, maybe a trick of the ice. Whatever the cause, at the last moment, the little ship gave a heave and up came her head.

Months developed into a year. Impossible channels were navigated, a thousand deaths evaded. And then, when they had been at sea for what seemed an eternity and were thinking deeply of home, pack ice began forming again and a dreaded fact became apparent to them all. There was no hope now of getting home for another year. They were completely icebound once more in the Arctic.

"When Ross was up here he waited three years and couldn't get out," one of the younger men said one night.

The same man challenged Larsen later. "He waited three years to get out, didn't he?"

Larsen said nothing.

"And then he didn't get out."

"Yes," Larsen said at last, "but if he had waited just a little longer he'd have come through. It's always too soon to quit in the north."

Nerves Near to Cracking

Mr. Tranter's narrative in this book is simple, sincere and effective. I have given you some samples of the conversations he records, and I find them telling. If he seems to me to miss the deeper implications of this epic, the power of the story forces itself out on the printed page.

Frost-bite and snow-blindness, icebergs coming out of the night weighing thousands of tons, winds and waves unlike anything in the southern hemisphere, and desolation everywhere so that the stir of a walrus became an enlivening event, and man's nerves were taut to cracking. . . .

That was the way of their voyage week after week. It went on throughout two whole years, and sometimes there seemed no hope. It went that way one Spring, after the ice had trapped them for months.

They had waited valiantly, and when the first signs of the crack-up appeared, they set out at once. The breaking ice smashed at the ship on all sides. Then suddenly the rudder jammed. They used black powder to blast it free. On the ninth day number one cylinder-head broke. . . . "How can we ever get through with five cylinders?"

Larsen saw another "lead" or split in the ice. . . . "If we can only get into that lead we'll get out of here."

"We've Got to Keep On"

They backed the ship and charged the ice-blocks. They blasted a way for her with gunpowder. They backed and charged again. But still they could not get through. When everyone was too exhausted to stir, Larsen said: "We've got to keep on."

They tried again. Blasting, charging, the little ship hurling itself like a live thing at the ice.

"Once more," Larsen called.

It seemed pointless. They would never get through. . . . "Once more!" His voice never seemed to tire, never lost hope, and in the end, what looked like a miracle happened. They reached the lead.

Only to be faced on the twenty-sixth day with fresh disaster!

They reached a barrier of ice three miles across. What could the 80-ton *St. Roch* do against three miles of ice?

Nothing, it seemed, but Larsen never hesitated. He charged into it again and again. At one point they paused on the brink of a terrible whirlpool, capable of sucking the ship to the bottom. At another they nearly gave up.

In the end, once again, they performed the impossible. The vessel broke clean through the ice, and on the afternoon of October 11, two years and four months after they had left Vancouver, they sailed into Halifax Harbour. For the second time in history the N.W. passage had been beaten.

VINCENT BROME.

Free Speech

Do You Want to be Registered for Ever?

This page is for your opinions. Speak out—say what you like from JOHN BULL'S Free Speech Platform

ON PAGE FOUR last week you assured us with the greatest possible complacency that we could take it for granted that identity cards have come to stay. Can we indeed? It is a matter of the greatest indifference to me that identity cards will help the police. I do not specially want to help the police. It leaves me quite cold when you suggest that identity cards will help to curb bigamy. I have no particular wish to commit bigamy, and if I had I'm perfectly certain that an identity card would not stop me.

When you describe the identity card as "a reasonable and unobtrusive social safeguard" you are talking rubbish. It's the thin end of the wedge. And the other end of the wedge is a more thorough bureaucracy than JOHN BULL has ever dreamed of.

Are you and your readers willing to be a number in the State's archives? Don't forget that this Continental identity card business does not only help to catch wrongdoers. That's only a little thing. It helps to keep workers docketed for the whole of their lives. It is a scheme designed to take away exactly the freedom some of us went abroad to fight for. An unobtrusive social safeguard, my hat.—F. H., Alsager, Cheshire.

Home Life—or Strife

SIR GERVAIS RENTOUL was good about child problems last week, but he wrote like a sentimental Tory. All this yearning for parental control dates back to the 19th century. The time has gone by for rigid discipline in the home. Young people, with the precepts of Communism before them, are going to be born rebels from now on. "I confess to being somewhat shocked by the number of parents I meet who unashamedly admit that they have no control over their children. . . ." says the West London magistrate. He's going to be shocked a great deal more—till Toryism comes into favour again.—J. D., Crewe.

I'VE BROUGHT UP four children successfully—three boys and a girl—so successfully that I can talk to them now they're in their teens, sort out their problems and know that they're not bored with what I'm saying. My secret is simple. Talk to your children sensibly from the earliest months. Bar baby talk, use reason, and you'll get sense in return.—J. L. A. JUKES, Salford, Lancs.

Report from U.S.

A BUSINESS FRIEND, just back from America, confirms the stories of harsh feeling against the British in some quarters. But, he says, the whole thing has been exaggerated and there's all the difference in the world between what Americans read in their isolationist newspapers and what they think themselves. One interesting point. My friend was in New York when he read the report of Mr. Churchill's speech in the first debate on Greece, and he did not like it a bit. Back home, he's read the *Hansard* report, which shows Mr. Churchill was not making a full, considered statement, but was fighting a running battle with his Parliamentary critics. Not the same thing by any means, but, unfortunately, everyone can't cross the Atlantic to find that out. —William Simpson, Bishopsgate, E.C.2.

The Hard School

HARD-LUCK STORIES from schoolteachers are getting a bit of a bore. Last week one of them spoke of old men dying at their posts and of the danger of "utter breakdown" before new recruits were ready. We haven't actually had anyone dying at the lathe in our factory, but we've had several nervous breakdowns—the sort that could be cured by a holiday such as teachers have every three or four months.—Mrs. J. G. L., Sunderland.

Thanks, Mr. Porter

LET US NOW PRAISE the railwaymen. They got on famously all over the holidays, despite their greatest enemy, fog. And although the safe arrival of the turkey may have seemed most important to some of us, the railways carried on with their main job all the time—the transport of military equipment to meet the emergency in Belgium. Thank you, Mr. Porter, and Mr. Driver, Fireman and Signalman, too.—J. McConnell, Belfast.

THE RAILWAYS WOULD do well to have a traffic dictator. During the hour or two it recently took us to travel the odd twenty miles from Watford into Euston, I and my fellow-passengers decided that. It seems that a day or two of bad weather has a cumulative effect, and that a train five minutes late one afternoon can throw out the main line traffic for days. I can quite see how this is with so many connections and such a complex timetable. But one man should be given the power to cancel trains and start afresh after a fog hold-up.—J. D. M., Carlisle.

Female Flag-Wagger

BORN TOO LATE to be a suffragette, I still do my bit to keep the women's flag flying. That's why I would like to have seen more about the women behind Earl Lloyd George of Dwyfor. Dame Margaret and Frances Stevenson have both been remarkable women. Who can tell to what extent they were responsible for the dashing decisions of the young lawyer from Portmadoc? How they must have smiled to see the discomfiture of those members of the Asquith and Campbell-Bannerman Governments who could not keep up with Lloyd George's "hunches" and hustles. This great Prime Minister had a perfect wife and a perfect secretary. He has still got both since his marriage to Miss Stevenson.—Mrs. Evan Williams, Newport, Monmouthshire.

***Mrs. Williams will not miss this week's Open Letter, we hope.

Dr. Barbara Simonds is reported to have puzzled the children

Hating at Twenty-five

DR. BARBARA SIMONDS is only twenty-five. She has lost two husbands in this war and that must be her reason for the argument that hate is a necessary emotion at the present time. I have suffered nothing compared with Dr. Simonds, and I don't like to criticise her. But I wonder whether at twenty-five, anyone—even a qualified doctor—can have the wisdom and judgment to justify putting the case for hatred before 2,000 young people? One report of the doctor's speech said: "The faces of the 2,000 were grave and puzzled." I am not surprised.—Mrs. I. J. Crowe, Birmingham.

Hobson's Free Choice

WHAT ONES WE ARE for compromise. The Minister of Fuel and Power makes special wireless appeals to economise on gas and electricity during the peak morning hours. Then, having paid lip-service to democratic freedom, he arranges for gas pressure to be cut down. So we couldn't please ourselves anyway.—James Hill, Hornsey, N.6.

Hot from the Pan

IT'S TAKEN THE B.B.C. to discover a way to make dried eggs taste like something else. And they succeeded with a vengeance when the lady on the kitchen front recommended putting a tablespoonful of curry powder in curried scrambled eggs. But, of course, they had to go and spoil it the next morning. It should have been a teaspoonful of powder not a tablespoonful. The whole incident leaves a nasty taste in my mouth.—Miss Beryl Shaw, Fishergate, Preston, Lancs.

Forces Favour . . .

CAN'T YOU STOP all this publicity for the "Bevin Boys," and their likes and dislikes? Every time one of the young fools gets into the headlines, a little harm is done among serving soldiers. As for the strikers on the Home Front, well, I'd better keep security silence. —Lancashire Gunner, B.L.A.

THERE CAN'T BE too much in JOHN BULL about post-war educational facilities for the workers. We in the Services like to read the type of article you printed lately about community centres in every town and village.—Lieut. J. Macmahon, c.o. G.P.O., London.

IN MY SERVICE LIFE so far I've received well over 200 letters. Not a remarkable figure, perhaps; but what is remarkable is that only a single one could possibly have been considered as seeking information to which the writer was not entitled. I draw two conclusions. First, the campaign to "keep it dark" has been successful. Second, that people really think of the fighting as an episode. Their interests are still in simple, human relationships — the little pleasures like the pictures and the local football matches.—A.C.2 Hodgson, W., 25, Duke Street, West Hartlepool.

"Too Many Apples"

APPLES ARE SCARCE in London. In the West Country they are too plentiful. Not only is there a surplus of home-grown apples, but in some parts of Somerset we're swamped with varieties from Canada. We can't eat or sell all our own and we're not allowed to send them to London, under the transport rules.—"Grower," Taunton.

Theatre or Club?

I'M LOCAL SECRETARY of an organisation that caters for serving and ex-serving airmen, and I laid before the mayor of my home town a suggestion that we should have an "All Services Club" as our war memorial. This scheme had the approval of the local branch of the British Legion, and was also supported by similar organisations in the town, and by most of our serving members. Imagine my surprise to read that the Town Council is considering a scheme for the erection of a Civic Theatre as a permanent war memorial. This in a town which has never been able to support even one month a year of repertory. I do not think such a theatre is wanted by the majority of our townspeople, and it would be a drag on the civic purse. This kind of thing will go on until service on a town council is made an attractive proposition for the working man. Let council meetings be held after working hours, or give compensation to the man who must lose work to attend them.—R. H. WARBURTON, 14, Hamilton Street, Bury, Lancs.

"Habit, dear, that's all it is. My husband still thinks we have to do the black-out properly"

ONE GUINEA will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

Your New Life

Sure-Footed Future

IF YOU ARE one of those people who are unsure on their feet on a treacherous surface you will be interested to hear of a new process developed by naval experts.

It is a non-skid surface—and the curious thing about it is that it is painted on.

Springing from the new science of plastics, it consists of a plastic paint with which is incorporated finely ground garnets. When the paint "sets," the new surface provides millions of sharp little points which grip the soles of your shoes even through swirling water, slippery oil, or road grease.

Originally produced to keep sailors on their feet on heaving, oily decks during battle, it offers obvious advantages not only for the decks of post-war liners, but for pedestrian crossings, greasy garage floors, kitchen and bathroom floors, steel platforms of machinery—indeed, for any slippery surface.—H. H.

Good Health

If Baby Loses Weight

BREAST FEEDING IS BEST for babies; but it may happen on a war time diet that mother's milk is a little deficient in protein, and baby doesn't gain enough weight although there is plenty of milk.

Give one tablespoonful of boiled cow's milk daily—not as an extra, but to supply the missing protein, and all will be well.

Babies, if healthy and doing well, are best fed regularly at four-hourly intervals. It's easier for mother, and they don't get indigestion.

But for sickly babies and those not gaining it is sometimes a good idea to throw away the book of rules and follow your instincts—cuddle and spoil, give odd feeds when you shouldn't. But, when all is well, get back to regularity again.

If you are unsure if he's getting enough, weigh before and after feeds to see how much he's had. Multiply baby's weight in lbs. by 2½ to find the number of ounces he needs per day, *e.g.*, 8-lb. baby needs 20 oz. milk in 24 hours.

Babies under 6 lb. need seven feeds a day, from 6 to 10 lb. six feeds, over 10 lb. five feeds. Fifteen minutes is ample time for a feed. If it takes you half an hour there is something amiss.

Mother's best diet is the sort of food she knows agrees with her, with lots of fluids (not necessarily milk). Sweet things increases the flow, fruit and greens are needed to supply vitamins, and she should have meat, fish, eggs or cheese every day to get enough protein.

Wean at nine months.

DR. GREVILLE PARK.

WHEN SECRET CABLES TO ROOSEVELT WENT TO HITLER

The inside facts of a war story that startled the world brings to an end DONALD STOKES' series of authoritative articles on present-day spies

EVERY EVENING during the early summer of 1940, a tall young man hurried out of the American Embassy in Berkeley Square, London, and walked to his Mayfair flat. Two men lounging against the Square railings would idly pull themselves together and trail him.

The newspaper-boys were bawling the news of Dunkirk. The French Army had crumbled, and the faces of the pedestrians were gloomy. In the black dispatch-case carried by the young man were some of Britain's most precious secrets, which he was systematically betraying to the enemy.

Lady with a Cat

Military Intelligence officers and Scotland Yard had a difficult task to trap Tyler Kent. They had to be absolutely sure of his treachery before they arrested him, for he was confidential code clerk in the American Embassy. If Kent were wrongly accused, the natural indignation of America would be disastrous for Britain.

I can now reveal more facts in the story of how this young traitor was trapped.

Tyler Kent first came under the notice of our counter-espionage for the violently anti-Semitic views which he expressed among a circle of rather unusual friends. They included the sister of a well-known 18B detainee, former members of The Link, the Anglo-German "cultural" association, and a retired naval officer, born in Dublin, who had been sending strange letters to M.P.s.

It also became clear that Kent had an association with a thirty-seven-year-old White Russian woman, Anna Wolkoff, daughter of a former Russian admiral. She was not a suspect, though her pro-Fascist leanings were known. At first she had been considered an eccentric. She owned a fine ginger cat called George, which she carried round with her The animal wore a gold collar.

Interest quickened in Kent and Anna Wolkoff when they were observed to pay visits to a small photographic studio in London. Detectives obtained a search warrant, and, after one of the woman's visits, they entered the studio and surprised a man at work on a microfilm apparatus. Here, lying pressed under a glass plate where they had just been photographed, were two messages. They were decoded cables from the American Ambassador to the State Department in Washington.

Kent's rooms were immediately searched in the presence of an American diplomatic officer. Even the case-hardened Scotland Yard men were astonished when they broke open a locked box, and found inside no fewer than 1,500 copies of cables, both incoming and outgoing, which Kent had decoded. They were of the gravest international importance, and dated back to October, 1939. The majority of the outgoing cables had been sent in the "unbreakable" code of the American Embassy.

I must explain that every Government uses its own range of codes, which vary from simple ones for unimportant messages, to elaborate ones which require the work of skilled men and considerable patience even with the aid of the key-book. These "unbreakable" codes are only used for messages of the highest importance.

It is practically impossible for an outsider to decipher this type of code, although curiously enough an American "unbreakable" code was actually broken by the Germans just before the St. Mihiel offensive in 1918.

Tyler Kent had been the only man entrusted with the code-book and the keys of the Embassy's code-room. Those keys, with those of the Embassy's index bureau, were found duplicated in his room.

Cabinet Crisis

We still did not know by what means Kent was getting his information out of Britain to Germany. Luckily, while his rooms were still being searched, the telephone bell rang. One of the officers answered it, imitating Kent's voice. It was the Italian Embassy.

The last link fitted in the puzzle. Kent had been giving the microfilm copies of his secrets to the "neutral" Italians, who smuggled them out of Britain in their diplomatic bag.

Events moved rapidly from then on. It was discovered that the man in the photographic studio was a member of a German spy ring. The American Ambassador, Mr. Joseph Kennedy, realising the awful implications of Kent's treachery, put in an Atlantic call to President Roosevelt, to warn him that the whole system of confidential communication by the United States Government was in jeopardy.

A complete embargo was immediately imposed on U.S. Embassies and Consulates all over the world The danger was that the enemy was now tapping American messages everywhere, armed with the secret cipher. Not until weeks later, when couriers had taken new codes across the earth by hand to the Embassies and Legations of the United States could America talk to its representatives again.

The British Cabinet faced an even more appalling prospect. As the Battle of Britain roared over Southern England, the Cabinet knew that all the most intimate secrets of Britain's defences, which had been confided to Mr. Kennedy for cabling to President Roosevelt, had found their way, decoded, to German Intelligence.

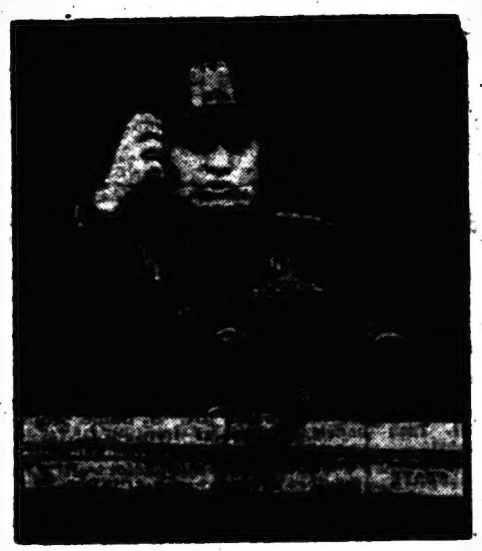
D-Day Security

Hitler knew every detail of our weaknesses, knew just where to land where to bomb us. Why he did not try to invade, with all his knowledge, may be one of the mysteries of history.

Kent Tyler's treachery had a profound influence on the war. It is significant that Italy did not enter the war until after his arrest (he was eventually sentenced to seven years' imprisonment). It is probable that Hitler preferred to have his stream of secrets from us than to cut them off by ordering Italy into the war.

In the crucial opening months of 1944, General Eisenhower had hanging over his mind the thought of Tyler Kent. He had to make sure there were not other Kents. That was the reason for the ban on all diplomatic messages from Britain which was imposed several weeks before D-day.

Most of the espionage stories of this war have centred round the activities of German agents. But when the story of spy and counter-spy in this war is written the most impressive stories will be British Our own men are busy—in secret.



Mussolini delayed bringing his country into the war because of an incredible leakage of vital information from London. Unaware that all our military secrets had been given to the enemy, Britons smilingly cheered R.A.F. victories in the Battle of Britain. And all the time Tyler Kent, in the American Embassy, was treacherously busy with his codes

"MY FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD son has had a nasty shock from his headmaster. A box containing all his writing things disappeared from his locker. A day or two later his penknife and 3s. were removed from his pocket.

"He reported his losses to the head, who spoke to the assembled school: 'I am told that a boy has lost 3s. I am not so sure about it. Personally I think he lost it on his way.'

"Just that! No inquiries, no reproaches, no mention of the other things stolen. Later the head blew the boy up for carelessness. He was made to feel the culprit. The effect of this is to undermine my son's faith in his headmaster. And what would be the effect on a couple of hundred young lads?"

The headmaster has neatly covered up the thief's offence. The natural result will soon appear: there will be more and more thefts.

Every headmaster I know—and I know a good many—takes a serious view of such matters. The behaviour of this particular man is inexcusable. Young people have a very keen sense of fair play. The boys will lose not only faith but respect as well. Juvenile delinquency will flourish under such a man.

"AT A RECENT Brains Trust a question was asked about the compensations of old age. Commander Gould said something startling: the greatest compensation for old age is death. I always thought death was the greatest fear of old age—a fear which gets worse and worse as it grows nearer. Talking it over with a friend next day I was informed that many people long for death! Then Freud writes about the 'death wish' which is instinctive in everybody! There must be something odd about me. I haven't the slightest desire to go west. I want to live for ever!"

Some old people dread the thought of death, but a great many do not. It seems as welcome as sleep when one is over-tired. Since it is part of nature's course, why should we be afraid? "Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark," said Lord Bacon, "and as one is increased by tales, so is the other." I think that is the most likely explanation. The knowledge that we have to depart some time or other is often repressed, but that does not prove its non-existence.

The universe endured millions of years before we came into being. It will endure millions more after we have gone. There is nothing alarming in this, is there?

"A MIDDLE-AGED MAN with a small income which is insufficient to live on, I have been in business for many years, but for health reasons I need to make a change. I should particularly like to take up some form of welfare work and shall be grateful for any advice you can give."

Christian welfare work—except for that done by the clergy, ministers of religion and lay readers—is voluntary and unpaid. There are social workers in many factories to-day, but the most obvious suggestion is that you should go in for work with youth organisations.

There are county organisers, for example, and wardens of boys' clubs, all of whom should be salaried. But a man who undertakes this type of service must be of the right kind to appeal to young people. Dr. MacAlister Brew, who knows as much about clubs as anyone in the country, says that too many leaders belong to the army of martyrs.

ENCOURAGING JUVENILE CRIME

Schoolboys won't respect this master. A reader wants to live for ever. How can a retired man best help the community?

Disability Pensions

W. N., Isleworth, and others: The position with regard to disability pensions was clarified by the Minister of Pensions in the House of Commons recently. The fact that a man's medical category was lowered during service is regarded as raising a presumption that there is a causal relationship between disablement and service. But where the evidence clearly shows that the conditions of service have played no part in either the onset or development of the particular disability, it cannot be medically certified that the resulting disablement is attributable to or aggravated by such service. In all cases full weight is given to the medical category on enlistment and in considering entitlement to pension, the benefit of any reasonable doubt is given to the claimant.

B. J., Maidenhead: A balance deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank is not in itself taxable, as it presumably represents money saved out of earnings, etc., that has already been taxed. The amount of *interest* credited by the Post Office for the year must, however, be disclosed, and will be liable to assessment as part of your total income.

F. H., Leominster: When a man has been overseas continuously for a long period, arrangements are made for him to be repatriated to this country, subject, of course, to operational requirements. The present period of such service is approximately four and three-quarter years for theatres other than India and Burma, where it is about four years, or possibly a little under. When a man arrives in this country for repatriation on long service grounds, he receives twenty-eight days' leave. Every effort is made to keep these men at home for at least three months after their arrival, and thereafter they will not be sent to any operational theatre other than North-West Europe unless they volunteer to go farther afield.

Service

SEND YOUR PERSONAL or other problems (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Inquiry Bureau, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, which answers countless queries by post. Stamped, addressed envelope, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"I Never Dreamed I'd Win a First!"

TO Leading Aircraftman J. S. Cartwright, on the eve of leaving his billet for service overseas, there came thrilling news from his home at "Ingleside," Clarence Gardens, Bishop Auckland. Excited as a child, his wife telephoned a message that he had won £200 in Contest 1,456 for his *Bullet*, In To-morrow's World—"Light" From To-day's "Sacrifices"?

To-day, for another 2, 3, or 4 words, *John Bull* offers the second bumper £250 First of 1945. Use your coupon below and you, like this First Prize-winner, may soon be saying, "I never dreamed I'd win £250!"

LAST DAY to POST for Prizes below—MONDAY, JANUARY 22.

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Simply add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" and there's a "Bullet" for your coupon below.

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EXAMPLE .....

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I agree to vote in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

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LESSON WE'VE LEARNT
END OF ALL WAR
IN THE THICK OF IT
GOOD NAME
HARDLY DIPLOMATIC
AT HITLER'S HEADQUARTERS
FEAR OF THE FUTURE
AGE-OLD TRADITION
OPEN ON SUNDAY
BLACK RECORD
WHEN THE HARM'S DONE
CAN'T GO ON
AT FIRST
TRAVELLER OF TO-MORROW
VERY DIFFERENT
WHAT HURT MOST
ONE LONG STRUGGLE
EVERY MINUTE COUNTS, SO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as count.

IN A..... STATE
PRELUDE TO.....
REMAINS A.....
BEHIND THE.....
LIFE OF A .....
INSULT TO OUR.....

ADDRESS ENTRY
"BULLETS" 1,461, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Feb. 10, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

☞ Result of *Bullets* No. 1,458 (2-week Christmas offer) will duly appear on this page next week.

YOUR 1d. GUIDE TO SUCCESS

Scores of big winners ascribe their success to the helpful hints given in *Bullets Bulletin* and *Crossword Gazette* each week.

To obtain your copy of *Bullets Bulletin* and *Crossword Gazette*, you are invited to enclose with your *Bullets* or *Crossword* entry each week a 1d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself, or a 1d. stamped label such as we provide for your use below.

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XWORD

FIRST PRIZE £50—Other prizes value £25 and up to 100 Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

1. First-class general isn't easy to—S□ARE. 2. Swag being this is likely to add to danger for habitual thief—THA□ED. 3. It's hard that a man's this should prove a handicap—□ACE. 4. Mother invite being sat on—SOF□. 5. Weight is sometimes given to an article by—HA□S. 6. Some teachers do this out of school hours, too—□ARK. 7. Fire in church may reduce one to ashes—CH□IR. 8. Some people have little time for such a musical item—□ONG. 9. Would help some musicians to make a better show—TRI□. 10. Producer's this doesn't suit most actors—R□LE. 11. Are intelligible to the average man—□AWS. 12. Some mountainous districts are without single one—CHA□M. 13. It's deplorable when ships lose this through inclusion—□AY. 14. You are likelier to find one if you go to decent sized river—R□ACH.

Entry fee—one 3d. stamp per set of Answers. For Gazette dated February 3, enclose 1d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself, or Label provided above. Last day to post—Monday, January 22. ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 612, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.)

GET YOUR "GAZETTE"!

For help with your Crosswords, you are invited to enclose with your entry 1d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself—or enclose label above.

Result of Crossword No. 410 (2-week Christmas offer) will duly appear next week.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

John White says:—

'Millions of pairs of my footwear are marching with the armed forces of the Allies. My civilian footwear though in restricted supply is still available.'

Ask for them by name

JOHN WHITE

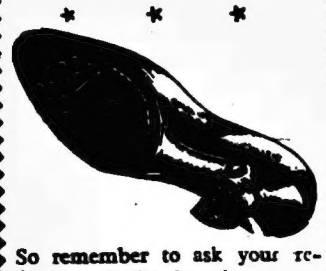
FOOTWEAR for MEN and BOYS

JOHN WHITE (Impregnable Boots) LTD. HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS.

Why Mary has no shoe problem

Mary owns a pair of shoes
Which are her joy and pride;
Mary loves to walk about
When other people ride.
Yet Mary's shoes wear very well,
How comfortable they feel,
For each of them is fitted with
A Goodyear Sole and Heel!

* * *



So remember to ask your repairer to fit Goodyear!

GOODYEAR

SOLES AND HEELS

For Men, Women and Children

(including Lightweight "invisible" stickon soles for women)

Plenty of **Eggs** *for the children's supper*

What shall I make for the children's supper is a question many housewives ask. Let dried eggs solve the problem. They're easy to digest — even at bedtime — and a nourishing egg dish can be made in a matter of minutes. Why not let the children make their own pancakes, or scramble? Modern children like to know how to cook modern food, and the golden powder in the brown packet, the greatest food discovery of the war, is modern food indeed — easy to *get*, easy to *cook* and easy on the *purse* as well.

SAVOURY PANCAKES

Ingredients: 4 oz. flour, a little salt, 1 level tablespoon dried egg (dry), ¼ pint milk and 2 tablespoons water (or milk and water to this amount). Chopped bacon, or any savoury filling.

Method: Mix dry ingredients then add sufficient liquid to make a stiff batter. Beat well, then add the rest of liquid and beat again. Cook each pancake in a little hot fat, browning it on both sides. Put savoury filling in centre, roll up and put on a hot plate.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (DP-6)

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Dublin.

Dear Sirs, Aug. 1st, 1944

For the last twenty years I have suffered from rheumatism. Last year I got particularly bad. A friend recommended your Yeast-Vite tablets, and after a few weeks I was feeling very much better. Now I am my old self once more and going about completely free from the torments of rheumatism.

(Sgd.) A grateful Dublin woman.

A NEW WOMAN

Barrow-in-Furness.

Dear Sirs, Aug. 12th, 1944

Having been ill for a long while, I thought I would try your Yeast-Vite tonic tablets, as friends of mine were concerned that I did not pick up. After taking two bottles of your tonic I am a new woman, full of energy, do my work, the same as I used to do. I have told a few people, and one lady has taken Yeast-Vite for only a week, and she tells me she is feeling fine.

(Sgd.) Mrs. S.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, Nerve pains, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/4 or 3/3 size bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets from your Chemist. Do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock; he is doing his best in these difficult times and his supplies are limited to 1/4 & 3/3 sizes (including purchase tax).

Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford.

Darryl F. Zanuck's 20th

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in Technicolor

THE MIGHTIEST PANORAMA OF DRAMA, SPECTACLE, EXCITEMENT AND MELODY EVER UNFOLDED ON THE SCREEN

Continuous Performances **ODEON** LEICESTER SQ

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blemishes for easy removal by applying Cuticura Ointment. Quickly clears skin—keeps it soft and supple.

2/10 and 1/5 a tin at all Chemists and Stores

Cuticura OINTMENT

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"When there is any sign of indigestion we have a family habit of taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia. It never fails."

The cause of digestive upsets is excess acidity — set up by fermenting food. Correct it with a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia taken after meals. Ask your chemist for 'Bisurated' Magnesia — it will give immediate relief. Prices 1/5 and 2/10 (Inc. Pur. Tax)

'Bisurated Magnesia

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This is the type of definite provision you can make through the Pearl Pension Assurance Scheme.

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For yourself at age 60—

Annual income for life £170

Cash option instead of the income . . . £2,000

Guaranteed bonuses . £250

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Cash payment in the event of your death before age 60 £2,000

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The above is an example only. Benefits which may be more suited to your particular needs are just as readily obtainable.

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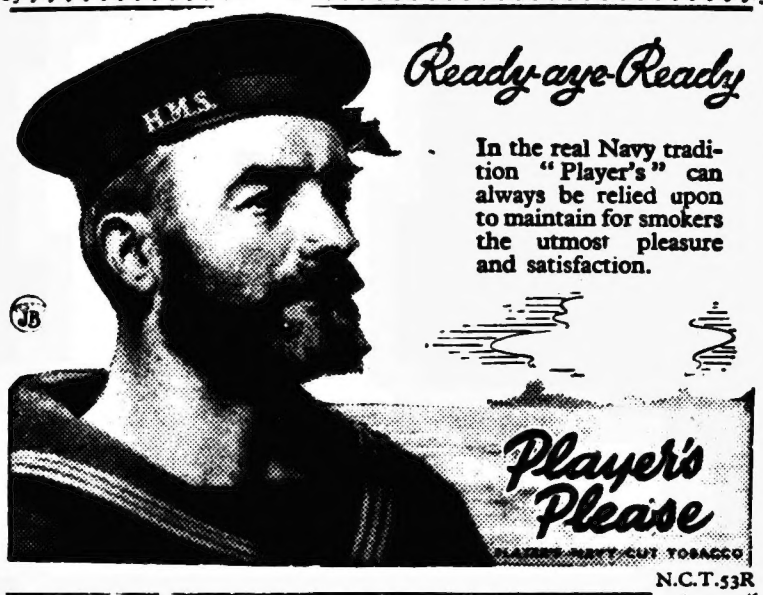

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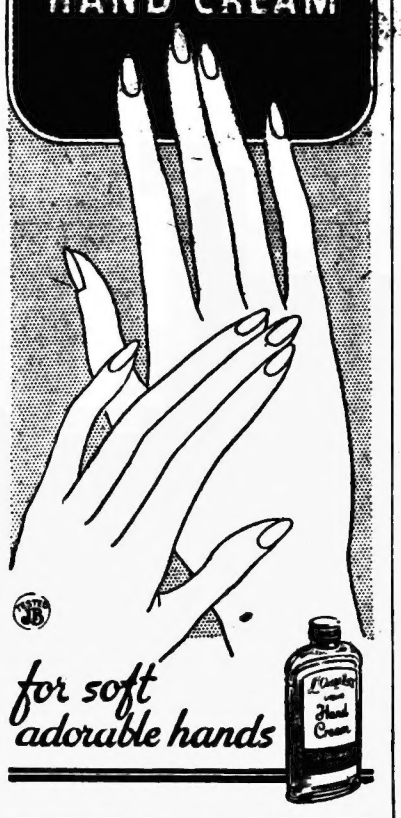


for soft adorable hands

Her teeth are YOUR concern—

Every mother wants her children to grow up with strong, firm, white teeth, *safe from the danger of decay.* Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'★, which corrects acid mouth, often the cause of dental trouble. The tooth paste to ask for is Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Children love its pleasant, mild flavour.

1/1d. and 1/10½d.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

CHANGE TO

COLGATE

Brushless SHAVE CREAM

FOR QUICKER SMOOTHER COOLER SHAVES

Just leave your face wet. Spread on a film of Colgate Brushless. Shave it off — like lightning without sting or burn! 1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

HARDER TO GET NOW—BUT WORTH IT WHEN YOU DO

STOP that COLD NOW!

Two 'ASPRO' tablets check the attack immediately — it does not have time to develop. **Feverishness goes,** aches and pains are relieved and you feel better in a few minutes. **At night take two 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot drink.** This will promote a healthy, mild action of the skin through which the poisons **and the cold will be eliminated,** not suppressed. What is more, you will enjoy a night's peaceful sleep and awake with a feeling of well-being that has to be experienced to be believed.

YOU CAN with

'ASPRO'

Millions have proved it!

COLDS AND HEADACHES GO LIKE MAGIC

J. BURKE, of 75 Leslie Street, Kirkcaldy, Fife, writes:—"For some time past I have been troubled with severe colds in the head but after taking a friend's advice to try 'ASPRO' all headaches and the cold went like magic."

Prices 3½D, 6½D & 1/3½

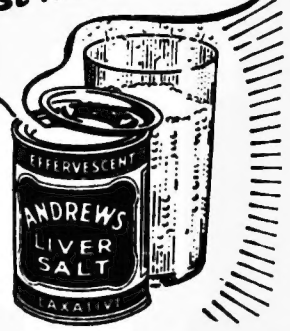
(Purchase Tax included)

ASPRO

Made by ASPRO LIMITED Slough, Bucks.

All Leading Chemists and Stores Stock and Display 'ASPRO'

INNER CLEANLINESS with ANDREWS is the first health rule



See how Andrews purifies the entire system: *FIRST,* it refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue. *NEXT,* it settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion. *THEN,* it tones up the liver and checks biliousness, and *FINALLY,* to complete your Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently clears the bowels. It sweeps away trouble-making impurities, relieves Constipation, and purifies the blood.

When days are cold many prefer Andrews with the chill off.

ANDREWS

TONIC, REFRESHING, HEALTH-GIVING

Family size tin 2/-

Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

53-14

ABBEY NATIONAL

BUILDING SOCIETY

400,000 investors: 130,000 borrowers. This represents a great achievement, signifying (we like to think) public appreciation of a service based on personal attention to individual needs. Our aim is to maintain that personal service.

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CVS-78

Yes! They're Wonderful—

COLD GONE

I'll be there!

"Thanks so much for recommending them. Now I'll be able to come along. Even the first Beecham's Powder I took had a quick effect and I was soon able to say good-bye to a nasty cold. I'm quite my best self again and looking forward to seeing you." Quickly absorbed, they are speedy in action. They are equally good for Headaches, Nerve Pains, Rheumatic Twinges and Lumbago.

Prices in Great Britain (incl. Purchase Tax) Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2½d each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS 2½D EACH

Be Cheery

"I don't worry about backache, I take Doan's."

Don't let yourself become weary and depressed by backache, rheumatic pains or urinary disorders.

THESE TROUBLES often arise if the action of your kidneys becomes sluggish —when nature's filters allow excess uric acid and other impurities to remain in the blood.

Let Doan's Backache Kidney Pills help to cleanse and stimulate your kidneys and so enable you to become your happy healthy self again.

"I wish I had taken Doan's Pills earlier." "Now I keep free from rheumatic pains and urinary disorders." "My back does not bother me," are typical of thousands of statements made by grateful users.

Temporarily, supplies of Doan's, the special kidney medicine, are limited, but it is worth taking extra trouble to obtain such a dependable remedy.

1/5, 3/5 *(inc. tax).* *Ask your Chemist for*

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

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